

Los Angeles Graphic

DEC 15 1917

Vol. L—No. 1

Los Angeles, December 30, 1917

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every **urday** at Los Angeles, Cal., by A. D. Porter. The sub-**scription** price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to the Los Angeles Graphic. Address **Publication Office: 424 South Broadway.**

Telephones: A 4482; Broadway 6486.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH : : : EDITOR

WHY PLUNGE INTO BOND ABYSS?

ERIOUSLY proposing to place the city of Los Angeles under the load of another bond issue for \$2,000,000, there is raised in the minds of many taxpayers a question as to how often they should stand "official bleeding." The method of expending the proposed bond issue, in case it is voted, is, of course, grave concern to those who have to foot the bills. They are having it pretty emphatically impressed upon their minds that the owning of utilities, purchased with money raised by bond issues, has its disadvantages, as well as its advantages and, in most cases, so far as the city of Los Angeles is concerned, the disadvantages far outweigh the advantages.

When it is remembered that the expenses of the city government, outside of interest and sinking funds on bonds issued, amount to only about two-thirds of the total amount raised by direct taxation, the fact is realized that the taxpayers are paying enormously for the satisfaction of possessing certain public utilities and, to a considerable extent, without any present direct returns. To say that adding \$12,000,000 more, for the purpose of developing utility projects, to the present bond indebtedness will result in a lowering of taxes, is to fly in the face of the facts.

On the contrary, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, from the time it began investing in public utilities, the tax rate for Los Angeles has been rapidly climbing from the year 1906. During this period the bond indebtedness of the city has been jumped up to the appalling figure of \$40,220,523.00.

Some idea of the bond-voting mania, from which the taxpayers are now suffering, is indicated by the fact that in 1894 the city owed \$376,000; in 1912, this had increased to \$35,427,537; in 1914, it had run up to \$37,462.50 and in 1916, as above stated, the bond obligation had reached \$40,220,525. Where in 1895 the per capita indebtedness of the city was figured at \$5.00, it is now in excess of \$80.00. Should the proposed issue of \$12,000,000 be carried, another \$24.00 indebtedness per capita would be assumed by the taxpayers. This means a total per-capita indebtedness of \$105.00, but these figures are misleading in one particular, and fail completely to indicate the tax burden that is being borne by practically all of the taxpayers, because in recent years the method of special assessments has been adopted by the city for the carrying on of many improvement projects which in former years were borne by the general tax fund.

The special assessment scheme acts in a double capacity. It permits the carrying on of expensive improvements, for which the property-owners are heavily burdened with a tax burden, but which does not show as a city obligation, and it also relieves the city of that taxation in the charter upon the total amount of the bonds which it may issue, based upon the valuation of property. That is, while the bonded indebtedness figure may show \$40,000,000, and that may be the amount upon which the tax rate is fixed so far as interest and sinking funds are concerned, the property owner is paying a very much greater tax for a special bond issued for local improvements.

These special assessments have come to be a nightmare to property owners, forming as they do a species of first liens upon the property of individuals, and exacting from them high rates of interest and regular payments on the principal, in addition to their regular burdens, so when there is an effort made to show that the taxpayers are escaping more easily here than

in the highest taxed cities of the United States, there is usually an overlooking of the fact that these special assessments taxes are omitted from consideration.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS IN ART!

SOMEBOODY is camping on the trail—or tail—of the music teacher again. No sooner had the teacher had a breathing spell of peace after the last attempt to "regulate" him, than news comes of another attempt on his peace of mind—and his pocket-book. A draft of a bill which is to be introduced at the next session of the legislature has reached here and seems to be about as welcome to the profession as triplets on the day a man gets a discharge from his job. It is a bill for the examination and certification of all teachers of music. It does not claim to improve the condition of the musical profession or to protect the dear public, but it carefully provides a berth for a secretary of the commission at a salary to be fixed—fixed is a good word—by the commission.

Here are some of the provisions of the bill: There are to be seven examiners, appointed by the Governor. Salary \$20 a day each and expenses. No requirements as to their knowledge or teaching ability, except that they must be teachers of music. And they must examine "in all branches." The term of office is four years. Teachers should now get busy extolling Hiram, and fall into line for appointment.

All teachers of music must register with the commission and get a certificate. After the passage of the bill, if you want to teach music—and are not a graduate of one of the accredited schools of music, whose products get certificates without examination—you spend twenty-five dollars in going to Sacramento or San Francisco for examination, five to ten dollars for hotel bills, ten dollars for the examination. When you come home, you pay one dollar to the county clerk to file your certificate—if you got one—but if you forget it for six months, it costs you twenty-five dollars for a reissue. Every year the certificate must be renewed.

But if you forget all about this law and begin teaching any branch of music (bass drum and Jew's-harp not excepted) without a certificate, you will pay to the state a fine of from fifty to two hundred dollars. And if the judge's liver is out of order that day, he can send you to the "County Hotel" for six months—and be thankful it isn't the city jail!

Note that teachers in colleges and schools do not have to take any examination. And this seems to be the colored gentleman in the accumulation of fuel. If you begin teaching in a "school of music" you do not have to be examined. If you teach in your own home, you do. Moral: start a school of music, a conservatory or an academy of pianists. But all your pupils must be taught as pupils of the school. That will be easy to arrange.

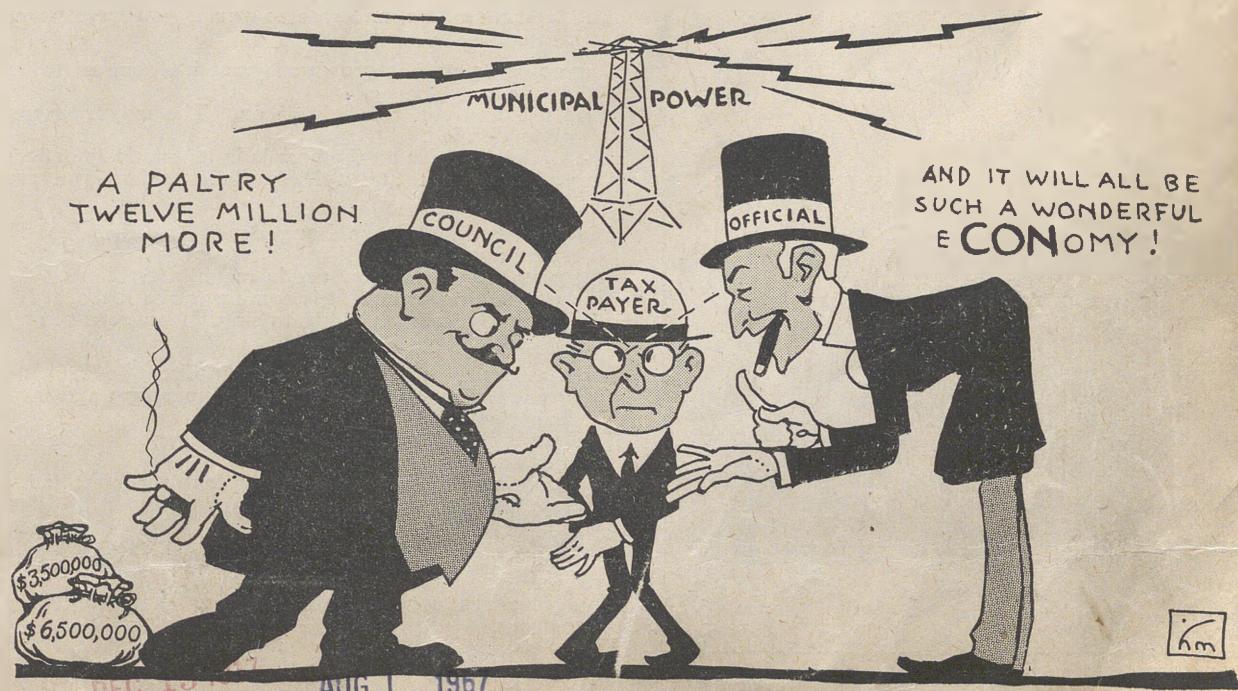
It seems clear that the bill is drawn in the interest of music schools as against the private teacher. But it does not seem clear that the public will be the gainer by the passage of the bill. Political appointments of art teachers—well, what does a governor know of music or the requirements for teaching it? The musical profession may laugh at the bill; but if a campaign of education directed towards the members of the legislature is not promptly undertaken, every member of the profession may be in the attitude of soliciting a certificate to teach from a commission he knows to be incompetent. Imagine a California governor's commission sitting on the correctness of the tone production of a singer!

UNIVERSAL TRAINING VS. GUARD DUTY

WHILE one may admit that the mobilization of the national guard for border patrol work demonstrated an unreadiness for service that argues against the utility of the volunteer system, it is not convincing enough to impel acquiescence in the ipse dixit of Major-General Hugh L. Scott and Major-General Leonard Wood that the national guard system ought to be abandoned. That the three years enlistment, plus three years additional, subject to call as a reserve, is a mistake is now apparent. Young men will not care to bind themselves to that length of military service. If the national guard is continued and recruits are sought the term of service will have to be curtailed to attract volunteers. Already, that much is self-evident. If it had not been for the fact that the call for border duty seemed to be inspired by necessity many a guardsman who subscribed to the new requirements under mental protest, but with a patriotic sense of duty, would have withdrawn in disgust. All, however, will resent the reflection cast on the national guard by General Wood, who told the senate subcommittee considering the Chamberlain universal military training bill, that the mobilization was a tragedy and that "if the guardsmen had met good troops they would never have known what hit them."

That is a superfluous fling at a well set up body of young men who required only ninety days' training in camp under good drill-masters to be available for any campaign. Was the Confederate army composed of highly trained troops, or those of the Union army? Yet both endured like veterans after a few months of preliminary service in training camps. How much better they would have been had a stout nucleus of national guardsmen been injected in every division common sense will suggest. By all means let the defects in the guard service be cured, so that physical weaklings are excluded, but why reject an organization that contains so much material worth while? General Wood's plan, as outlined by him, is that the

OUR CONFIDENCE MEN AT IT AGAIN!



guard should be replaced as rapidly as possible with men trained under a universal-service system and when that is well-established, he would drop the guard entirely from any scheme of national defense. He wants every officer and man of them in the new plan, however, but it must be a straightout federal force.

DIGNITY OF LETTERS

IN a booklet termed "Pencraft," and published by Lane, William Watson makes a brilliant attack on the moderners who associate strength with clumsiness, and care for details with feebleness. There is a tendency at present, complains the poet, to degrade the word "literary" as if the craft of writing required no intense preparation, no minute regard for the rules of the game, no elaborate finish and artistry. Particularly does he notice this fondness for the use of a half-baked style in books hailing from this side of the Atlantic, "a style apparently borrowed from the reposeless journalese in which a bullet invariably sings, an aeroplane never forgets to drone, and a shell can be trusted at all times to scream . . . a style which in its misguided efforts to make a direct appeal to the sensorium is like a lecturer supplementing his oratory with a magic lantern and a gramophone." Perhaps these writers are too furiously bent on being at all costs indigenous. "Their predecessors of the 'rich, mellow, humane period of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and all their elect fraternity,'" he declares regretfully, "were less proudly unwilling to owe a little to the past, less scornful of the gracious sanctions of time and consuetude."

The change has coincided with a marked decline in literary prestige and power; so marked that America has not at the present moment a single author whose works are awaited as stirring events by a public outside of her own borders. This he says with no desire to depreciate the literary alertness of all classes in the United States, a lively interest comparing very favorably with the lamentably narrow area within which that interest is confined in his own country. He divides literature into three kinds or orders, which he terms respectively the cantative, the scriptive and the loquitive. After dismissing the first with a brief reference to masterpieces of pure cantation found in the Bible, and an acknowledgment of its rarity in modern literature, he spends almost all his time on a discussion of the second, "which rests largely on a convention, the great convention of the pen, in obedience to which the human mind utters itself with a certain traditional formality, a degree of state and ceremony not found in conversation." The whole is a noble plea for the dignity of letters, presented in a winning way.

VILLA'S SUPREME GALL

THAT the overtures of the Mexican bandit leader, "General" Villa, to the United States Government, asking for a conference with General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the army, will be ignored, hardly calls for official repudiation. Villa is still under the ban for his Columbus raid, in which half a dozen American citizens were murdered, and although the Pershing expedition has been inactive of late, owing to the protests of the Carranza government, the order to "get Villa" is still in force.

What a spectacle to the nation would have been the journey to the international boundary line by the chief

SOME RIDE!



Chicago Evening Post

of staff of the United States army to "confer" with the arch-villain, Villa, over whose head, metaphorically, swings the avenging sword of Pershing! A more ridiculous meeting, in view of all the circumstances, it were hard to imagine. Villa, the outlaw, the murderer, whose followers are being hanged as fast as they are caught and convicted, conferring with the head of the United States army of pursuit, on the subject of border protection, would be a sight for gods and men.

It is, in fact, so huge a joke that the reported conferences between General Bell and emissaries representing Villa are not to be taken seriously. They sound more like the fanciful imaginings of a yellow correspondent whose inability to "dig up" legitimate news has driven him to indulge in pipe dreams. Villa as a co-worker with the United States in preserving the peace of Mexico might be a more potent influence than Carranza, it is true, if the lurid reports from Chihuahua have foundation in fact, but for the administration at Washington to meet the bandit in honorable conference, through the chief of staff of the United States army, is inconceivable. This is not April 1.

MUNICIPAL MANAGEMENT

MORE than five hundred and fifty municipalities in the United States have adopted the commission-manager, limited council or variations of these new forms of government in the search for increased efficiency in the conduct of public affairs, asserts Edward S. Potter, associate editor of *Equity*, which magazine aims to keep in close touch with governmental improvements. The efficiency of a small body, clothed with great powers, was first demonstrated at Galveston following the disorder wrought in that port city by the tidal wave. So well did it do its work that the entire country was attracted and the commission form of government quickly superseded the cumbersome system under which numerous cities were suffering. Inefficiency and extravagance were the dual evils of altogether too many municipalities and by eliminating the top-heavy governments, particularly the ward representation the practice of trading votes for improvements, not always desirable and not always needed was abolished.

Twenty-seven states have specifically provided for the commission form of government, but the tendency now is toward still greater concentration of responsibility, and the manager idea is finding deserved favor, more than ninety municipalities having declared in that direction under the commission plan. By retaining direct popular control through the initiative, referendum and recall the people have found they can get better results, since at all times they command the situation. According to *Equity*, not in a single instance has the use of the initiative and referendum endangered the representative character of the government in the municipalities where they have been in operation. Wherever these instruments have been adopted by the voters, they have been used with marked moderation. Even where this direct legislation has not been invoked its beneficial effects have been seen in a greater attention to duty by commissioners who realize that any flagrant lapses on their part might arouse the ire of the voters and result in a sudden curtailment of their tenure of office.

Rhymed Ragout

The rain brought farmers joy untold and quite a mint of money
The tourist set don't like the wet. We advertise it sunny.
The crop of buds this year is great, and how they're being feted.
The ice-rink's here, and woe to you if you have never skated.
Our golden state has grown so great it's doomed to be divided;
With pro and con the fight is on. The mayor seems quite decided.
The Ballet Russe is on the boards in its exotic splendor;
Pray don't adopt the style of Bakst unless you are quite slender.
Save the sardine! Down Long Beach way these toothsome appetizers
The piscatory fiends now use in making fertilizers.
The Belgian babies benefit is coming to the Mason.
And Patsy Henshaw's going to sing. I pray ye thither hasten.
Mere man was swiftly put to rout in circle pedagogical
Insurgent women won the day in manner firm and logical.
The wizard Luther Burbank's wed; good wishes on him shower;
He doubtless thinks he's found at last a perfect fadeless flower.
And Harry Carr has dropped the war and all the nation's fusses
Just long enough to help us regulate the jitney busses.
The New Year's revellers rebel against laws for early closing.
Ye maids make haste who have a taste or talent for proposing.

NANCY LEWIS

BALLET RUSSE

By Penelope Ross

LOS ANGELES opera and theater goers generally this week, have been sitting proudly in their seats filled with the excitement of feeling quite Metropolitan—with a capital M. And they have had excuse for feeling thus for they have been treated to a spectacle of such novelty, such largeness, such variety, such gorgeousness and such manifold artistry, not to speak of the gathering of beauty and gallantry, of accomplishment and brilliant talent in the audience, that no wonder no one has wanted to miss a single performance of the *Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe*. The air itself was electric, intoxicating. It was not necessary that any one should know anything about the technical side of Terpsichore's plastic art, nor how many different steps were included, nor the difficulties of unified work, nor who Bakst, Robert Edmond Jones, Benois or any of the scenic artists responsible for the grotesquely beautiful effects were, in order to appreciate the loveliness and cunning of the kaleidoscopic materialization. As a matter of fact if six, eight or ten persons have tried to circle a room in unison walking, tripping or skipping to music, not to speak of taking a few simple leaps or poses, they will realize better the wonder of the ensemble than by attendance at any number of spectacular ballet performances.

"Scheherazade" was the exotic most familiar, probably, to the local circle of drama enthusiasts, through hearsay to the majority; and a few had heard of "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" because "naughty" things always are the most talked about and several eastern cities had been really shocked about it. But then Los Angeles is so blasé she never is shocked about such trifles. Besides the cult of semi-nude dancing has a center here that has prepared us for these things. And then "Cleopatre" had excited general interest because of that marvellous swathing gown of several hundred yards. But none of these was included in the first night's program. It was rather a "teaser" to one's taste, that created a mighty thirst for more. "Till Eulenspiegel," an odd bit of German folk-lore from a quaint old picture-book, invested with whimsical motion and weird settings from gnome-land, in which Nijinsky and Flore Revalles held the center of the stage; "Les Papillons," a dainty whimsy in which Pierrot, the clown, falls a victim to the charms of a maiden, one of a group of lightsome butterflies, and meets the sad but logical fate of such as he; "La Princess Enchante," a striking Bakst dream in passionate red against a background of vivid blue; and the fierce, war-like fantasm of "Prince Igor" were the Christmas offering. M. Waslaw Nijinsky as the prince, dancing with Lydia Lopokova, the enchanted princess, appeared almost as much a spirit of the air as creature of the ground and prepared everyone for anything he might do later in the week. When one considers what a training for such work means it invokes a wholesome respect for the artist and his profession. But Lopokova was even more winsome in the quaint, fluttery gown of the butterfly whom the clown loved than as the enchanted princess and her toe work was quite the most beautiful and graceful ever seen on the local stage. M. Adolph Bolm in his clown dance demonstrated that he was a pantomimist of high order and his dancing in both "Les Papillons" and "Prince Igor" was full of ease and lightness and fire.

"Carnaval" of Schumann, a fancy in accord with the name, full of color and holiday gaiety, "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," a woodland gambol in brief attire such as nymphs and fauns are reported to have worn in the days of gods and goddesses and poetry, and "Scheherazade," the familiar tale of oriental love and infidelity, jealousy and murder, were the additional features of Tuesday evening. "Thamar," a vampirish thing in which Mlle. Flore Revalles was positively irresistibly terrible, "Cleopatre," another story of vampirism by the same dancer filled Wednesday evening with a new thrill, and "Les Sylphides," a thing of moonlight and unearthly effects, lent new note to Thursday evening's program, with "Spectre de la Rose," another dainty conception by Lydia Lopokova and M. Nijinski on the Friday bill.

After such a week's orgy in color riot that is a marvel of harmonious combination, and twinkling feet and temperamental vagaries that are always intensely interesting to common folks whether of the smart set or a little lower in the social scale Los Angeles will resume its ordinary every day quiet the richer in memories of a musical and artistic experience that has been quite enlivening and worth while. To many the musical settings will be treasured as among the most wonderful part of the entire engagement. Certainly there was something for every one to enjoy, whatever the taste.



Cherry Blossom Screen Theater Venture

By Pearl Rall



ABOUT a year ago a young man of student type, bubbling over with enthusiasm for a great festival event then soon to be given in the Japanese quarter here, called at the office of the Los Angeles Graphic and told us all about the wonderful things the Japanese people were doing in this city and what intensely interesting folk they were in their own country. Clarence B. McGehee was his name and he had a rather remarkable story of his own which we found quite novel and entertaining: the festival was a benefit for those Japanese in the city who were ill and needed aid and medical attention. Many of you remember that event for the program presented talent from various nations, including choice artists from our own.

Since that time Mr. McGehee has not been idle for he has a hobby that is something more than a mere



Clarence B. McGehee, Artist

pastime. He has been occupied with the organization of a company of Japanese Players, quite independent of the local Japanese playhouse, which shall bring the beauty and reality of the drama as enacted in the Land of the Cherry Blossoms to Californians and possibly to Americans, generally, a little later. So unique and lovely and yet so in accord with the modern dramatic movement in this country is this venture that I think it will interest you quite as much as it does me. In certain respects it resembles the movement toward the "decorative" drama and, since it is a theater in petto with a stage that can be telescoped into small packing space or set down anywhere, it corresponds in a measure to Stuart Walker's interesting little American Portmanteau Theater, which we shall also see later. Each gains additional interest and value viewed in the light of the other, and we have seen such an artistic example of the "decorative" drama already, in the materialization of Director Richard Ordynski's and Designer Norman-Bel Geddes' collaboration at the Little Theater that we are eagerly awaiting this new experiment in dramatic production.

"Japanese drama presents so many remarkable phases, only a glimpse of which I can hope to present through my Cherry Blossom Players in this 'Screen Theater.' Against a background of black satin we enact our dramas in settings of six five-ply screens, all reversible and in various harmonious colorings, on a stage slightly elevated. There will be no footlights but from each side and from above the radiance will throw a glow over the gaily colored scenes, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. The actors will make their exits and entrances through the audience just as they do in their own theaters. Since they continue their posturing during this progress through the audience the effect is quite novel and weird. We will open at the Alexandria about the middle of January and have bookings at the Maryland, Mission Inn, St. Francis, Hotel del Coronado and various smart hotels of the state to begin our season.

"In considering Japanese histrionic art one must always bear in mind that it had its rise in the puppet theater. Its most marked influence is seen today in the queer jerky movements of the mimes inspired by the motion of the puppets. This pervades all manner of dramatic art in the Flowery Kingdom; with the strolling street player, the sacred dancer and the actor in the modern playhouses. The high nasal tone of the old actors has given way to a natural one and the

European influence is being shown in the introduction of Japanese adaptations of such plays as Gorky's 'Night's Lodgings,' 'Macbeth,' and many other successes of the English stage. The native drama is quite melodramatic—"forty buckets of blood" and such thrilling things demonstrating the high emotionalism of the people and because of that one of the features of their theaters is what is known as a 'tear room' for weeping. Then too, in Japan, a dramatic performance is quite a lengthy affair and becomes a family party. You check your shoes, instead of your wraps, at the door and as there are no seats you sit on the floor. In the center of the room is a hibachi or fire box on which you can brew your tea or cook a bite. The performance lasts from ten to twelve hours, in the Bernard Shaw 'talky' vein, so you have provided yourself with a box of luncheon from the teahouse where you took your meal before the 'show.' If not you will regret it sadly.

"However, our repertoire is not to be so lengthy. We will present three dainty and typical one-act plays, including 'The Loves of Lady O-Haru-San' and 'Ten Thousand Cherry Trees,' and various interpretive dances representative of the religious and social life and thought. One of our striking effects will be a dance by a very small Japanese lad in a black satin robe with an exceedingly long train. Against a screen setting of vivid red this resembles an animated Japanese print—a Japanese poster effect worthy a Bakst. And on either side of this picture will be the joruri or American interpreter, on the left, to make plain the story on the stage and the koto player or Japanese musician who accompanies the action, on the right. It is a reproduction in miniature of what has been done in Japan for thousands of years. And yet we find in it much that Max Reinhardt has developed in German drama recently and which is being brought to this country as new lately. In 'Sumurun' the 'flower walk' is represented in the exit through the audience.

"This 'flower walk' is a pretty and profitable thing. As the actor makes his exit among his admirers, if he has been pleasing to them, flowers and even money are showered upon him. In the local theater donations of money are often signified by cards signed by the donors and hung on the wall, signifying the sum that will be paid from time to time. This in addition to the charge of admission. It is a substantial recognition of an actor's work we might well copy."

A queer old Japanese print in Mr. McGehee's possession, of a theater of eight hundred years ago, illustrated his contention that what is being introduced as new from Europe is not so original after all and that the best in the art is universal. For one notes the revolving stage, the "flower path" and the orchestra back of and above the stage as in the Elizabethan dramatic performances. On one side sits an announcer who beats a block of wood to denote the progress of the play. Boxed in the pit is the hoi polloi, evidently; while in the balconies on either side is the nobility.

"It is funny to see the odd black-robed stage hands do their work before the audience, for there is no cur-

tain. Mayhap in the middle of a performance one of these little figures will bob out to arrange a drapery or to set things to rights quite unconscious of the onlookers. Then the white enamel makeup and the gold-leafed lips of the players makes a startling effect that heightens the color scheme and adds a weird, unreal touch that is fascinating.

"Yukio Aoyama, my leading man, is a wonderfully versatile fellow and one of Japan's foremost actors. He can assume either feminine or masculine roles equally as well, is a graceful and sympathetic interpreter of the dance and a producer and playwright in his own country. In fact he has been referred to as the Japanese Ibsen, and I am able to secure him because he came to this country recently and has been actively engaged in motion picture work. O-Toshiye-San is my leading lady, a charming little woman, too. You know it has not been long since all feminine roles were taken by men, for as in Shakespeare's time there



In Novel and Vivid Set

were no women in the theaters of Japan. There are several quite remarkable women in the profession now. Sada Yacco is foremost of these and Kume Hachi at eighty-six still directs and leads the ballet with such spirit and with such artful makeup that she can put to shame many younger women. I regard her as quite as remarkable in her way as Sarah Bernhardt, if not more so.

"While this dramatic adventure is not an original conception with me, being the usual so far as Japan is concerned, it is the first time anything like it has been tried in this country and I am happy that it can be created here in the west, in California, to go east, rather than to have had to call upon an eastern manager to back me and then come west with it. Next year I hope to appear in various Little Theaters of New York and other places and I have encouragement to believe my company and I will be welcomed. Winthrop Ames has written most interestedly and others have expressed equal assurance that the venture will prove successful. I am fortunate indeed to have found so energetic and capable a man to back me as L. E. Behymer. Miniature as are my scenic settings they are rich and costly, and the costumes are striking and gorgeously colorful. With the novelty of it there is a big educational value, a comparison and international exchange of ideas that should mean much to dramatic artistic development. And it will demonstrate that out of the west creative ability can come. We do not have to go to Broadway for all of it."

Mr. McGehee assisted in the staging of a group of oriental and Japanese ballets in New York several years ago but found the spirit of commercialism demanded compromises with his artistic ideals which he was not willing to make. So he came west, and he has been working quietly on this dream and keeping in touch with the Japanese life in the city. Having passed three years in Japan, one year of which he gave to monastic life as a Buddhist priest and six months to the excitements and novel experiences of a strolling player in order to study the folklore and dramatic ideals of the Orient, he has many bright and amusing incidents to relate and a fund of information with regard to the little brown men. As tutor in the Imperial family he has the other side of the shield also to present.

As a college student prior to going to Japan Mr. McGehee studied Japanese history and political conditions for two years, in preparation for his unique experience, and while in Japan wore the native costumes, ate the food, spoke the language and became thoroughly imbued with the entire spirit of the country, which makes his utterances authoritative.



Yukio Aoyama, Japanese Ibsen

Leadership and Our American Culture

By Marguerite Wilkinson

LET us consider the way of the American poet. He makes up verses when he begins to toddle. His mother thinks they are lovely. He edits papers in school or college, and his teachers praise him lavishly. Or perhaps he sometimes learns of rough masters as did Masefield and William F. Davies, the English poets. Sooner or later, if the urge be strong enough, he arrives. Editors and publishers deal more kindly with him. The public reads him at first with bewilderment—if his work has value, for all new beauty has its sting of unexpectedness. Later the public reads him with avidity. Still later with stolid acceptance. Then he wins honors and is admitted to learned societies. He becomes a leader in the poetry world. And from that time on people say, of his work, "Well I did not get much out of this new poem. But it must be good. He wrote it." And as soon as that happens that poet is become a menace to the public culture even against his will and in spite of his effort to measure up to his highest achievements. For the public is lax-minded with regard to whatever he does and willing to be humbugged into believing that everything is good because he did it.

This same thing is true of critics. A young writer gets a chance to do a few reviews for a newspaper or weekly. They seem a little less dull than those of his competitors. They attract a little favorable attention. He gets a department or an editorial position. His signed criticisms are used on the coverings of books and in much miscellaneous advertising. His name is so frequently seen that by and by he is recognized as a leader in the world of criticism. From that time on, for most people, his word has great authority. They would rather believe what he says than formulate their own opinions. From that time on a book is good because "he says so and so." The critic, then, although he may be honest and painstaking as never before, is a menace to culture simply because the public is too humble before his comment.

This situation for poets and critics is further complicated by the unfortunate fact that poets are often writers of criticism and members of literary cliques, and simply because they are human, influenced to a certain extent by their friendships. No honest poet would praise a piece of bad work because a friend wrote it, but, in the case of a piece of work good enough to merit praise he would naturally write with free enthusiasm of the work of a friend. To preserve his mental equilibrium and determine to a nicety the exact value of new work becomes an exceedingly difficult matter for the poet-critic writing for a public placidly content to let him settle it all.

Until the time comes when we have writers of criticism who have specialized in that particular kind of work, critics whose broad knowledge and trained judgment and catholic taste enables them to make criticism a very fine kind of literary art—as it should be—we can hardly hope to arrive at cultural maturity. And we can not have a sound and trustworthy culture until we have a public able and willing to "talk back"—critically, intelligently, tolerantly, and without indulging in personal sneers. Such a public would be a refuge and a defense to sincere poets and honest critics. Such a public would materially interfere with the pouring of overmuch critical syrup on the sodden pancake of the ordinary book. Such a public would laugh at superlatives that do duty regularly once a week or once a month. Such a public would frown on the fliprant, glib, or smug remarks that greet any original new writer and are never reinforced with reasons. Such a public would enrich and safeguard our national culture.

Two anthologies are claiming the attention of readers of poetry. Mr. Braithwaite's annual reward of meritorious poets is one of them and this year it is published by Laurence J. Gomme, himself a friend of poetry. The other is Professor Cunliffe's "Poems of the Great War." Professor Cunliffe is a member of the faculty of Columbia University, but his taste is catholic and this collection has been made with fair discernment. His volume includes poems from India, Australia, Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States. All poetic schools have been represented, apparently, unless we except the spectrists, of whom I shall speak later. Amy Lowell's "Patterns," Maxwell Bodenheim's "The Camp Follower," Louise Driscoll's "Metal Checks," Hermann Hagedorn's "The Pyres" and Vachel Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks At Midnight" are all poems that have attracted attention and all are included. This anthology is published by the Macmillan Company.

Olive Tilford Dargan's sonnet sequence, dedicated to "one drowned at sea" has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons with the title, "The Cycle's Rim." The maker of these sonnets is one of the few poets accorded any favorable mention at the meetings of The American Academy of Arts and Letters. The sonnets are chiefly noteworthy for their fine, pure moods, exquisite imagery and delicate restraint of expression. Because of these excellent qualities we forgive an occasional poor rhyme. In spite of a poor rhyme the fifth sonnet seems to me to be very beautiful.

Now lock my eyes their lids and lose the key
To every world but that vast world we found
When heaven was a flowering orchard tree,
All earth a tender ring of April ground;
For we have come upon our day of days,
When our two souls and God made trothal feast;
Each apple spray an angel witness was,
Each still grass blade a little waiting priest;
Your words throbbed free, each one a prisoned bird
Finding at last the sky, till all the air
Beat like a winged sea, and I who heard
Sat mute as God who fell in wonder there.
He made the sun, but Love had made the word.
That new suns bore when he no finger stirred.

Alfred A. Knopf has published "The Collected Poems" of William H. Davies, the English poet who tramped over most of Canada, and the United States, hungry, thirsty, thrifless and quite at home with other tramps. One of his legs was cut off by a railroad train and his adventures were numerous and trying, but, on the open road, he learned to write such lyrics as most of us will never be able to write. Simplicity, clarity, singing rhythms and quaint individual charm characterize most of the poems in this volume. The lyric here quoted is well known and much loved.

Days Too Short
When Primroses are out in Spring
And small blue violets come between;
And merry birds sing in boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born must sing;
When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite; and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps;
When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken-rimmed moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

Mitchell Kennerley is the publisher of "Spectra" of the spectrists, Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. The new school does what all other schools have done—takes one of the ancient axioms of poetic art and makes of it a dogma—a credo—with nonchalant disregard of other interrelated axioms and corollaries. Just as the Baptists emphasize baptism and the Episcopalians the Apostolic Succession, so the imagists emphasize images and the spectrists emphasize spectra. But poets like Christians are known by their fruits. Says the preface to "Spectra," "If the spectrist wishes to describe a landscape, he will not attempt a map, but will put down those winged emotions, those fantastic analogies, which the real scene awakens in his own mind." That is just what any poet would do. Who ever heard of a real poet "making a map"? But the fantastic analogies of the spectre mind seem to be somewhat more fantastic than the analogies of the ordinary poet. Here, for example, is a spectre description of a face.

Two cocktails round a smile,
A grapefruit after grace,
Flowers in an aisle
. . . Were your face.

That sort of thing seems to have been written for one purpose only—to attract attention. It is gibberish. And it is unfortunate that it should have been perpetrated by a man with a modicum of talent—the same man who wrote the following, which is not without genuine poetic quality:

Hope
Is the antelope
Over the hills;
Fear
Is the wounded deer
Bleeding in rills;
Care
Is the heavy bear
Tearing at meat;
Fun
Is the mastodon
Vanished complete. . .
And I am the stag with the golden horn
Waiting till my day is born.

Mr. Laurence J. Gomme is the publisher of a new volume of California poems which have just come to me. It is "Victory" by Charles Keeler and is recommended to all Californians who wish to build up an interest in the art and poetry of the coast. Mr. Keeler's inspiration is largely ethical, religious and philosophical and he enjoys his ideas. To others with similar ideas the poems will have value, and especially, perhaps, will this be true of "A Chant of Love" a poem

of our America, which puts into words what many of us are feeling, believing, or hoping today. Mr. Keeler has not scorned free verse, although most of the poems have a regular metrical structure. His best work seems to me to be written in small fragments, lyrical and simple, like this one:

The Child Heart

The shy flowers smile in the face of their father, the bountiful Bright One,
The wild birds chant his praise when he smiles with the blessing of day;
The child folk follow the wood-things into the wild with laughter,
And you and I, beloved, shall follow them all away
Into the fields of faery, unto the haunted wood,
And serve them ever with gladness, and learn to be pure and good.

Alfred Kreymborg is a poet who chooses his titles in the vegetable garden. We all remember "Mushrooms." Now we have "Lima Beans," a free verse play—really more of a pantomime dance with verbal accompaniment—which has been played by The Provincetown Players and published by Frank Shay of The Washington Square Book Store. It is a pretty little folk poem, really, in dialogue. A husband and wife, newly married, quarrel over what they will have for dinner and then make up as the curtain descends. Mr. Kreymborg's light, quick, imaginative quality gives the little play a dainty charm unlike anything else in contemporary verse.

In talking about folk songs it is interesting to know that in parts of the Kentucky mountains where the people have never heard of New York—or Los Angeles—(this is literally true)—they are still singing old English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh songs that came to this country with the colonists. Miss Loraine Wyman gave a recital of such songs at the Cosmopolitan Club recently and strange as it may seem none of them had a Kentucky flavor, even after these many years of repetition. The fields of hemp and tobacco, the "moonshiners," the "night riders," the ancient feuds of the land, even the colonels were not mentioned. And I could not detect a bit of Kentucky phraseology. But Miss Wyman, who is a pupil of Yvette Guilbert, talked most entertainingly about them. She said the Kentuckians called the songs "the lone-some tunes" and the process of singing them, "howlin"!

Joyce Kilmer has written an entertaining series of essays called "The Circus and Other Essays" which is published by Laurence J. Gomme. In it he says that he thinks the Standard Oil Company will soon corner the poetry market, invent a "poem-jenny" for the manufacture of efficient poetry and serve it to us once a week at a standard price.

Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, has written "New Belgian Poems: Les Trois Rois Et Autres Poemes," translated into adequate English by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. They are eloquent and human poetry, full of sorrow for the country with "the bruised hands" and full of indignation against "les Boches."

Henry Holt has published a wonderful fairy book, called "The King of Ireland's Son" by Padraic Colum. Only Irishmen and poets can write such books about fairies, nowadays.

Walter de la Mare, the English poet whose book "The Listeners" had such fine shadowy charm, is now in this country. "H. D." the brilliant imagist poet is expected soon. Her husband, Richard Aldington, is number 24,965, "E" company, 11th Devons.

Dodd Mead & Co. have just issued "Appreciations of Poetry" by Lafcadio Hearn, a book which seems to be of great interest and importance to lovers of English verse. Another important book about poetry is a new edition of "The Life of Francis Thompson" by Everard Meynell, published by Scribner's Sons.

The magazine "Others" has not been allowed to perish after all. It is to be published as heretofore, but not regularly month by month. Twelve issues will go to subscribers this year, but they will be published at the pleasure of the editors, when the best material seems to them to be most plentifully available.

We are still eager to know the results of The Little Review's free verse contest that has been under consideration nearly a year.

Evangelism is now a corporation affair. The "New York William A. Sunday Evangelistic Association, Inc." has been approved and the incorporation papers issued. Its purpose is to promote and conduct Billy Sunday's evangelistic campaign in New York next April. The shares will not be listed on the stock exchange.

By the Way

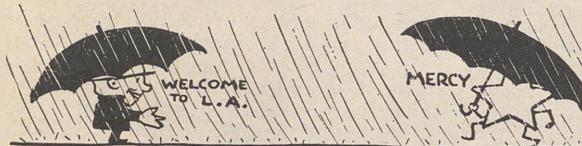


Affiliation of Two Notable Schools

I was interested to learn yesterday of an affiliation completed between Park View School for Girls and Cumnock Academy whereby the faculty and students of the former will in future carry on their studies under Cumnock's broad and hospitable roof. Certainly both schools are to be congratulated on such an excellent conjunction of their stars of destiny. Cumnock Academy, which is the preparatory department of Cumnock School of Expression, is comfortably settled on the new campus of both schools at Vermont and Second, and the amalgamation of Park View with Cumnock Academy means broadening the influence of both institutions.

Marriage in Art Disclosed

Among those interesting artists who have come to abide with us temporarily, brought by Miss Alice Barnsdall in her Little Theater venture, is Norman-Bel Geddes. If you are like myself you have wondered somewhat whether Mr. Geddes' name was foreign, and commented mentally on its peculiarity. In fact I have had the question put to me several times and even have been asked whether his name was Geddes or Bel-Geddes. Now I want to tell you a pretty story of a marriage in art expressed in this peculiar designation. I discovered in conversation with the youthful artist that Mrs. Geddes always collaborates with him in his designs and Norman is his portion of the work and "Bel" includes her contribution, thus making a unique partnership trademark with honors divided equally. Which reminds me also that a third member has been added to the firm recently, a junior partner of diminutive size and not quite a month old who will be known to friends of the firm as Joan Geddes.



Behymer Breaks Spell With Ballet Russe

It looks like the hoodoo that has attended Behymer star engagements for many years has been broken—partially so at least—with the coming of the Diaghilev Ballet Russe. In the past "Bee" has been looked upon as a regular rainmaker so invariably have his artist luminaries been noted by pluvious accompaniment, usually in accord with the height in the artist firmament of the performer. Three years ago, many of us remember, Schumann-Heink brought on a veritable cloudburst. And as for grand opera, well it usually caused a week's rain at the least. It must have been most discouraging to any but the dauntless spirit of Mr. Behymer and certainly it was aggravating to the feminine patrons to lose or have ruined the great opportunities of the season for wearing their best evening togs and being one at "one of the most brilliant social and artistic events of the season." It was generally dispiriting. But now all this has been changed; the luck's turned, it appears. When the rain came last Sunday many Los Angelans nodded their heads and said, "We knew it. Another great big Behymer event. Get your rain clothes for a week's wear." Even "Bee" himself looked serious. But with Monday and a clear Christmas sun everyone perked up, Behymer smiled happily. And with Tuesday evening fair and colder the citizens knew the old hoodoo had at last been broken.

Star Events Cast Their Shadows

Speaking of Behymer and the Ballet performance reminds me that I saw that interesting young genius, Richard Orynski, among the artist spectators at the Auditorium the other evening and at his side was one of his talented leading women, Ann Andrews, of the Players Producing Company. Just at the present time he is engaged on the coming production of that old morality play "Everyman," dressed in trappings by Hugo von Hoffmannsthal and Mr. Orynski from the English poem of George Sterling, in which Miss Alice Barnsdall and L. E. Behymer are joining. It is hoped that the present venture may be so successful and attractive to

every one in Los Angeles that it will become an annual civic affair, in which all the artistically inclined may join in one way or another. This fall and winter season has been so remarkable in the artists it has brought to the city and the ventures tried that it cannot fail to have its effect in placing Los Angeles noticeably in the dramatic and artistic annals of 1916-17.

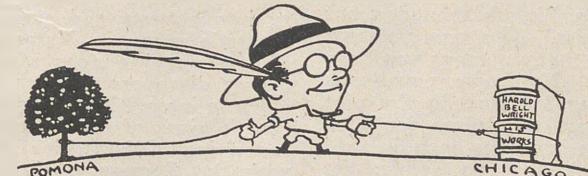
Lawn Bowling at Exposition Park

What a fine pleasure we are getting in Exposition Park; it is a pity that the city cars do not run out straight to the entrance without a transfer. To be sure, there is a suburban car to Venice that runs past, but at long intervals. When the boulevard is improved, the Park will be one of the show places of the city. In visiting it, by all means do not forget to look in at the lawn-bowling green—there are two of them, but only one of them is usually in commission, for the turf needs careful nursing. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons are the days when the members of the club are sure to be there. Bowling on the green is a game of finesse, the delicately-moulded lignum vitae spheres yielding to the slightest muscular propulsion and curving in to the white China "kitty." Every Scot is supposed to know the game; also every Canadian. The North Dakotans can also put in a good team. I was there the other day, and saw Dean Ezra A. Healy of the University, with his friend Dr. James Main Dixon as skip, win a game from some eager North Dakotans. The skip is the man who plays last, and directs his team of four; eight players make a full rink. On Saturdays there are often as many as seven rinks busily engaged. The "Bulls" are playing the "Bears" just at present.



Great Wrestler

I want to congratulate George P. Towle, director of amusements at the Athletic Club, on the high standard he is maintaining in the entertainment offered at that institution. I am moved to this because of last Friday's wrestling match between Strangler Lewis and Daviscourt, which was as fine a sporting event as it has been my good fortune to witness. It is Mr. Towle's determination to present none but top-notchers, and in Lewis he certainly produced one of the greatest men that ever graced the mat. He is a magnificent specimen of humanity—youth, muscle and brains in beautiful proportions. Daviscourt is a powerful wrestler, and his outdoor life in the great Northwest has taught him how to use his strength to best advantage, but he received the surprise of his life when Lewis, whom he had apparently pinned down for good after some minutes of sinew-straining and weight-shifting wrestling, slowly raised himself to a sitting position, lifting his opponent with him, and sweetly smiling at Daviscourt's undisguised discomfiture and expression of amazement. In his work generally Lewis wrestles like a gentleman; he has no need of roughhouse methods; and if, as appears likely, he will shortly return to the Athletic Club to meet the Greek, Kavares, who challenged him on Friday night, he is assured of the heartiest welcome that a real sportsman deserves.



Producer of Books and Oranges

Glad to know that Elsberg W. Reynolds, president of the Book Supply Company, Chicago, has so far recovered from his rather severe illness as to be active as ever in his business affairs. When I met him last week in Los Angeles he looked very fit, and he told me that he finds that throwing himself heartily into the development of his Pomona ranch is doing marvels for his health. Could anything be more absorbingly interesting, calculated to lift one out of oneself, as the plotting and planning of a few hundred acres of oranges and other products, with the attendant fun of exploration for water, installation of pumping plants, and development of the home estate? The publisher of Harold Bell Wright's books was in town to confer on the forthcoming production of the film story taken from "California's cyclonic love-story," "The Eyes of the World" announced for first showing at Clune's Auditorium on the first of the year. From all accounts it is a great triumph of the photo-player's art, and as Mr. Reynolds, whose reputation as a judge of good things,

may safely rest on his handling of Mr. Wright's books, is himself enthusiastic about it, its showing should prove a success.

High Cost of Football

Eddie Mahan, last year's football sensation at Harvard, and for awhile passive coach at the University of California, has returned east, and relates an unhappy experience at California, where he was one of four members of a twelve thousand dollar coaching staff that failed to produce the goods. Mahan clashed with Andy Smith, the head coach at California, nad was given to understand that he was to keep hands off, which he did. He got his salary all right, and saw California take two whippings from the University of Washington, to beat which it is said the twelve thousand dollars for a coaching staff had been appropriated.



Home from Home

One thing appears to have been forgotten in the heart-burning campaign to secure a new city jail. Everybody's opinion has been sought apparently except that of Mr. Bill Sikes, the personage most directly concerned, for whom the new accommodation is to be provided. I suggest that the local thugs and crooks be interviewed and persuaded to overcome their reluctance and tell frankly what they really would desire in the shape of home comforts. Undoubtedly an apology is due them for the discomforts they are at present suffering in the city bastille, although they will appreciate the official report that the rodents have now been got under something like control. When we come to think of it, what would the jailers do if there were no prisoners? They would be out of a job. So that the police and warders will be none too magnanimous in a gracious and practical acknowledgment of their indebtedness. Without loss of prestige they might follow the example of Warden Moyer, of Sing Sing, whose desire to please is shown by his acquiescence in the wish of two young murderers, sentenced to be hanged Friday, to have the date of their execution moved forward three days to avoid giving their relatives undue grief in the holiday season. They were duly accommodated.



Hikers of the Sierras

Cold and gloomy weather such as we have had for the past week or so quite fails to daunt the spirit of my young and enthusiastic friends, the Sierra Club. This organization does not confine its activities to the yearly four weeks tramp in the High Sierras, but throughout the year the Los Angeles branch takes a weekly "hike" in the hills, or along the seashore—most of these being one day affairs, though now and then a two or three days trip is included. The members of the club are as a rule rather "highbrow" in propria persona, being teachers, writers and "sich;" but when the wildness of nature enfolds them it is a point of honor to wear outing clothes more disreputable than Muir or Borrow ever dreamed of, so that a college professor assumes the lineaments of Black Bart the highwayman, and the respected owner of a bookstore carries a striking likeness to the whole family of itinerant beggars. However, I am sure the club does a world of good to its members, most of whom sit sedentarily at desks all the week. Some very jolly revels take place, so I am told, at the club house up Sturtevant Canyon. By the way, the club is always glad to secure new members among lovers of the outdoors; a stout pair of legs and a merry heart are the only important requisites for membership, and the club's hospitality is as wide as its domain.

How moderate the request of Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra association is, compared with those made in other cities. In New York there is a campaign under way to raise a million dollars as an endowment fund for the People's Symphony orchestra. Why, here in Los Angeles we would be glad of half that much. That would put up a symphony hall and produce nearly enough each year to meet the inevitable deficit.

Anyone having the program books of the first three years of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra—or part of same—please notify music department of The Graphic if they will sell these books.

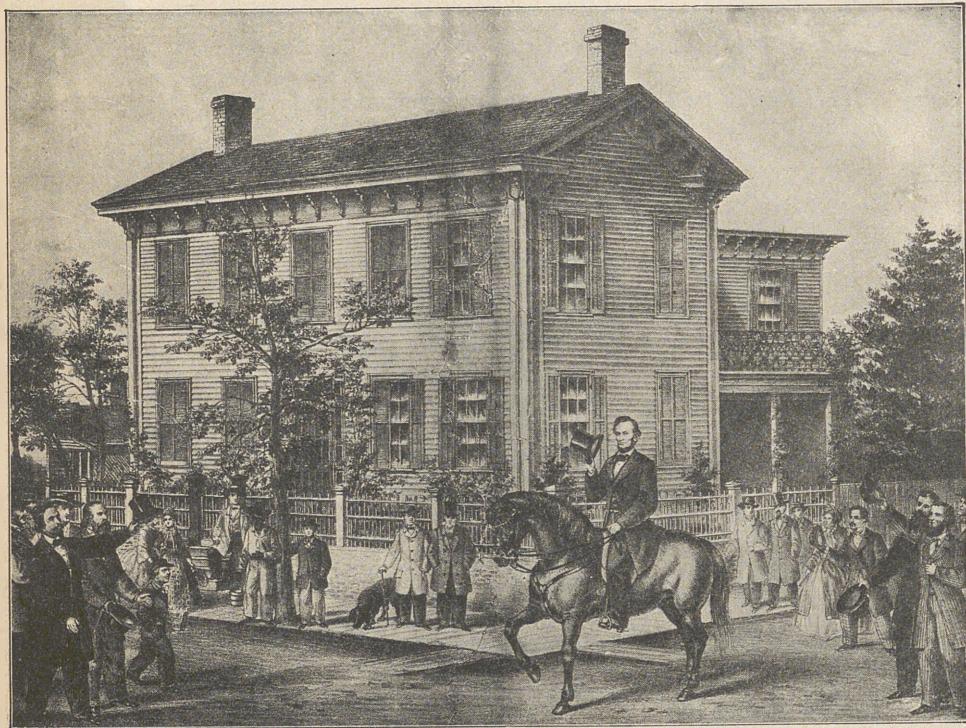

Another English Industry Novel

EDEN Phillipps has added another volume to his English industries series of novels, investing the hop raising of Kent county with the same fascination that the making of pottery and the mining of slate possessed under his magic touch. "The Green Alleys," referring to the long rows of staked hop-vines, furnish equally as interesting material for character studies and philosophizing on human nature, as shown in the prosecution of the every day business of earning a living, as the more romantic environment of society drawing rooms, or halls of parliament, or more showy station. No one has made the humble folk so picturesque and at the same time so real in their combination of pettiness and yet grandeur of humanity. No one

her position, and one without illusions." Honest and high-minded, she is absolutely superior to the conventions and felt no shame whatever for her moral faux pas, regarding love as an all-sufficient excuse. One can only imagine how the story might have terminated had not the war intervened and become as one writer puts it, "a solvent and purifier of human action." ("The Green Alleys." By Eden Phillipps. Macmillan Co. Bullock's.) P. R.

"The Trufflers" Intensely Human

You'll like "The Trufflers" by Samuel Merwin, if you like a well-constructed novel, whose characters fairly live and breathe; who do nothing melodramatic, but whose life and actions are tensely interesting in their normal development.



From "How We Elected Lincoln," by A. J. Diltenhofer
Mr. Lincoln on horseback in front of his residence at Springfield, Illinois.
(From an old print.)

has made industry appear so readable and like a fairy tale without detracting from its value as a commercial view. "Old Delabole," "Brunel's Towed" and now "Green Alleys," a great trilogy of labor.

Phillipps has written his stories about Dartmoor, Cornwall and Wales, and "The Green Alleys" is essentially a story of Kent. The hop-vines under his touch are endowed with "an almost human quality of spiritual significance." To Phillipps' imagination they are possessed of a distinct personality, and this personality inevitably influences the characters in the story. The descriptions of the hop fields are unequalled in the beauty and dignity of phrasing. "In Southern Kent," he says, "are far-flung plains of the Weald that tend to seaward. On a summer day they were basking under July sunshine, while their grasslands stretched for miles under dancing heat and a thousand mowers purr'd in the heart of them. The russet of the ripe meadows and the silver of the mown hay were broken by green of many hop-gardens, whose foliage reflected the light, so that the hops, heavy and dark under grey skies, were now full of a joyous radiance."

There is no plot to the story, which critics claim is a lack of all recent novels. The absence of plot is almost compensated for by the brilliance of the character drawing. The story is concerned with the love of two brothers for the same girl. The elder of the brothers and the finer of the two is an illegitimate child, and is, therefore, under the English law debarred from many legal and social advantages. He is an attractive figure, true and sound to the core, and, viewing his illegitimacy as a philosopher, he has worked out a vastly comforting theory for himself. One cannot but admire his devotion to his shallower and more brilliant brother, and to his forceful mother, Georgiana Crowns, a well-educated woman for

In fact this is one of the best and most entertaining novels that has graced the book-stands for many a month. It is the very human qualities with which the author invests his characters that gives the novel its greatest appeal. Each and every one of them is understandable and yet as in every-day life the reader only gradually makes acquaintance with them, and little by little grows into their lives, as in the case of "the Worm," who only assumes prominence and importance in the story as one pierces the shy reserve of his nature. Peter Mann, impressively the hero at first, gradually you come to look upon as a frightful bounder, but likable nevertheless. As a type you will recognize in him many persons you have met and known. Hy Lowe, equally as well drawn, takes his turn in the plot with a prominence that gives food for thought when the book has been finished and laid aside. As for Sue Wilde, the daughter of a canting editor of a weekly religious paper, she makes as fine a heroine as one could wish to meet, in the fiction world or real life. She is tensely human, first in her honest and earnest endeavors to win for herself a career; her enthusiasm over purposeful drama; her philosophic broadening and at the last, in her acceptance of domestic responsibilities, through a marriage that lacking all semblance of "la grande passion," is nevertheless satisfactory in its promise of contentment and happiness. In the mention of characters one cannot even overlook Betty Deane, Jacob Zanin, little Maria Tonifetti and Grace Derring, each of whom stands out in memorable relief in the story. You will like "The Trufflers," not only as a story, but as one of the best character delineations of recent years. And while the novel is intensely interesting and entertaining it contains considerable food for thought, both expressed and implied. ("The Trufflers." by Samuel Merwin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Bullock's.) R. B. S.

General Joffre and His Battles

The articles now collected in permanent form have appeared in Scribner's Magazine in the last year under the pen-name of "Captain X." The writer, Raymond Recouly, is a French officer whose position on the General Staff has brought him into close contact with Joffre, and his chief collaborators, Castelnau and Foch. "From the humblest soldier to the highest chiefs," declares Captain Recouly, "the entire French army has complete, unflinching faith in its commander-in-chief. . . . General Joffre plays an open game. . . . He possesses an unshakable belief in the successful issue of the present war. This robust faith emanates from him like a powerful current."

General de Castelnau is described as a perfect type of the old French bourgeois, in his sense of duty, love of industry, spirit of sacrifice. "The confidence which General Joffre reposes in him is unbounded. The two great chiefs had for long been accustomed to work together and with one accord, and in continuous collaboration they studied one by one all the difficult problems of a future war. This collaboration, begun and continued in times of peace, was to become closer still upon the field of battle, where it has come to fruition."

To General Foch is attributed the successful issue on the Yser. "His is the deeply interesting case of a famous professor of strategy called by the turn of events to give his theories and his teaching a living application. . . . In daily life the general is a man of few words.

Cold, calm, and self-possessed, he is conspicuous for just the qualities which the English most prize."

The journal which the author introduces into his book is descriptive of the manoeuvres in the Argonne, where the Germans have not succeeded any better than they did on the Yser. "Here and there they tried to pass—and we have stopped them." The Battle of Verdun is described in simple, matter-of-fact language, impressive for its very simplicity.

The volume is prefaced by an excellent portrait of General Joffre in uniform, and the text is illuminated by five excellent maps showing the relative positions of the opposing armies during the progress of the war from the Battle of the Marne to the holding of Verdun.

No attempt is made by the author to treat his subject exhaustively, or to cover the entire field of French activity. The whole is written with a charming freshness and simplicity which instantly wins the reader. The key-note is frankness and sincerity, and the appeal is intellectual rather than emotional. Fair-mindedness and restraint is shown in the absence of explosive criticisms of the opposing army. ("General Joffre and His Battles." By Raymond Recouly (Captain X.) Chas. Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.) J. M. D.

"Rainbow's End"

Rex Beach has drifted back from the Arctic again to the Tropics. This time he takes his characters to Cuba during the time of the Rebellion against Spain and just prior to the rupture with the United States. The central figure is a young American who has been in charge of the interests of a New York firm in Cuba. He becomes enamored of a pretty Cuban girl, a descendant of an aristocratic family. On the arrival of the butcher, Weyler, this family is driven into poverty and even into the *centrado* camp in Matanzas. Our soldier of fortune goes after her and of course discovers and rescues her. The story is interesting especially in the picture it gives of the Spanish methods of "pacifying" Cuba, which reads of a piece with the German methods in Belgium. It carries the reader into the camps of the Cuban patriots, and has in a sense a historic value. On the other hand, it is not Rex Beach at his best, showing certain amateurish marks that he is supposed to have left behind. But as a stirring romance it will pass muster. ("Rainbow's End." By Rex Beach. Harper & Bros. Bullock's.) W. V. W.

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ling similarity between the two men. Where the former is cynically tolerant, the latter is openly contemptuous.

In "Anyuta" there is the same gripping pathos that one finds in the immortal "Boule de Suif." The Russian "fille de joie" is no less pathetic, although she is far less noble than her French sister. Although she makes no sacrifice, one feels that under normal circumstances that she is less sordid. This



Jack Lait
Author of "Beef, Iron and Wine"

little sketch of Russian student life is a splendid bit of realism. It teems with local color, and yet it is too universal to be entirely Russian. Chekhov does not clothe vice in royal purple as did Maupassant, but tends to show it up as did Zola in his Rougon-Macquart series.

The descriptive powers of Chekhov are great, but it is his realism that strikes one immediately. He is the special pleader for humanity before the bar of life. "The Darling" is a powerful and moving story of feminine brawniness. Such stupid devotion as "Olenka" shows moves us to pity. She has all the virtues of patient Griselda, without being subjected to the trials of that long suffering lady. In spite of her foibles one cannot help but admire this creature who bears so cheerfully long years of ennui.

In "Ariadne," a tale of sordid intrigue, one finds some of the best examples of Chekhov's power of clever delineation. For example, in speaking of Kotlovich he says: "He did not shake hands but kneaded one's hands in his." Could anything convey depreciation better than this? He also tells us that Ivan Lubkov was a man of whom coachmen and footmen used to say: "An entertaining gentleman." This is a subtle way of expressing contempt.

"Three Years," which is the longest story in the book, gives one a splendid picture of Russian life in town and country, and is less universal than are the other stories. In its attention to detail, it reminds one a little of the work of Balzac, but here all likeness ends for Chekhov is direct and concise, and Balzac is abstruse and long winded.

Chekhov portrays life in broad vigorous strokes and at the same time manages to be subtle. He never says all that might be said and he makes the reader feel that a certain amount of intelligence is to be expected from him as well. Those who enjoy character study and analysis (although Chekhov is synthetic rather than analytic) will find much enjoyment in this first volume of translations. ("The Darling" and other stories. By Anton Chekhov. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.) W. V. W.



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Music



By W. Francis Gates

RUSSIAN ballet is in full swing as a means of diversion. It is peculiar what a hold this form of entertainment has secured, especially in New York. A few years ago, the ballet was simply an appendix to the opera. On Metropolitan stages, it was done with something of attention to numbers and skill; in the traveling companies the ballet often furnished the humor that was lacking in the librettos—as you may remember from the palm days of the Lambardi company appearances in Los Angeles. But there was an opening, and the Russian ballet stepped in to fill it.

Sad to relate, the legitimate drama is temporarily quiescent—let us hope, it is temporary. Light opera is almost a memory. Grand opera performances are few and far between and the public demands so much excellence that it is not willing to pay the bills itself creates. In the hey-day of the moving picture, there is a swing from the desire for nightly "movies," and the public is ready to grasp the "something new and strange," if it is to be found.

And so enters the popularity of the Russian ballet. It has a suspicion of a story; it has flashing movement, brilliance of color, sensuous music, and a glitter of lights. The music is good but not heavy and the whole thing is a living moving picture. It requires no technical learning to appreciate it—hence its popularity.

A blind man and a deaf man attended the opening performance of the Diaghileff Russian ballet at the Auditorium Monday night. When they came away, the blind man said, "I didn't care much for the dancing, but the orchestra is so sonorous and so exact, such a perfect ensemble, that the entertainment was a concert as good as that of a fine symphony."

The deaf man responded, "I didn't hear any music at all; but the dancing and stage ensembles were spectacular in the extreme. You may talk about the music all you please, but the grouping, the plastic changes of arrangement, the dancing, at times graceful and ethereal and again picturesquely agile, the performers costumes in kaleidoscopic array and backed by scenic settings of marked beauty—that is what I call a feast of joy for the eye."

And the deaf mute they met said nothing.

But both the speakers were right. As a Musical Editor is supposed to know nothing beyond his notes and tones and as The Graphic's Terpsichorean Department doubtless fully will describe the joys of the "dawnse," we speak here only of the musical features of the affair.

The blind man was right. The orchestra under Messrs. Monteux and Heidelberger was a joy to the understanding ear. For beyond being an orchestra, it was a unit of forty-five artists, having played this sort of music under this sort of conductor for years. Consequently the music, this week, of the great Russian composers, Tschaikowsky, Borodine, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Arensky—composers very rarely heard here save in a bit of chamber music, and also that of Strauss, Debussy, Schumann, and Chopin, was a lesson in orchestra ensemble. It gives the symphony attendants a measuring stick, like that furnished by the Damrosch orchestra, by which to measure other performances.

Especially were the arrangements of the "Till Eulenspiegel" music of Richard Strauss and the "Prince Igor" music of Borodine, enjoyable. Neither had been heard here. We have been waiting twenty years for our orchestra to get up to the Strauss music—and doubtless the time will come. But its difficulty has precluded its appearance on our programs. It is not Strauss at his most unharmonious period, but is full of rare beauties. From this selection, what must the whole opera be?

The "Prince Igor" music seems the apex of the Russian, the Cossack, the bizarre, the fantastic. Truly, a Berlioz with a Cossack skin. Or a Russian with a very deep scratch made in his epidermis—and you know what is reputed to be underneath. This opera made the hit of recent seasons in London and New York and we are only too glad to hear these selections from it. While a whole

evening of it probably would be a menu of caviare, red pepper and koumiss, a half hour of it is a whirlwind of riot in tone colors.

At this writing, after the first performance, we only can congratulate those who will hear the whole series offered by the orchestra of this company, even though the tunes of Chopin, lifted from the piano and given to the orchestra will seem like giving a butterfly to an elephant to play with.

The engagement closes this afternoon with a bill including "Les Sylphides" to Chopin music, the "Carnaval" of Schuman and, best, the "Scheherezade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The management of the Symphony Orchestra is particularly fortunate in securing at short notice a soloist of national fame to take the place of Sigmund Beel, who is still in a degree incapacitated by his attack of neuritis.

Mme. Mariska Aldrich, who has visited Los Angeles a number of times, has been engaged to sing at the concerts of next Friday and Saturday. She has been heard at the Gamut Club and has taken the club off its feet by the beauty of her voice and the most skilful way in which she handles it.

Rumors of her singing have gone out from the club and there will be many who will attend the concerts for this alone, though the remainder of the program is of the best. This is the first time Mme. Aldrich has had the opportunity to sing in Los Angeles with orchestra and a great treat awaits those who attend these concerts.

Mme. Aldrich happened to be in San Francisco after a season in Honolulu and having made many friends here is glad to come to the aid of the orchestra when it needed a soloist at short notice. She will sing an aria from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

It is peculiar how courts lend themselves to publicity dodges. Sometimes, it is a prosecuting attorney who desires the good offices of the newspapers or to "stand in" well at Washington. Again, it is a plan to bolster up credit or to secure free advertising space.

The latter seemed to be the case with the suit recently brought against "Musical America" by the "Inter-State" opera company. That journal investigated the claims of the opera company in October and reported the results to the public.

It showed that only one city, where the manager of the company claimed to have ample support for an opera season, had given a guarantee which was sufficient to warrant the large claims for the future made by the company.

Immediately the manager and promoter of the company, a Mrs. Butler of Cleveland, entered suit against "Musical America" for \$200,000 (modest sum) for defamation of the future of the company.

As the outcome of the project, the company lived just one week, count them, one week. At its one performance in Pittsburgh it is said to have had a gross income of \$295. Mme. Matzauer, one of the stars, showed her business sense in demanding her fee before singing and that was paid out of the funds held in escrow in Detroit.

To meet demands for salary made by the chorus and minor soloists, checks were given one evening in Cleveland. The singers hugged to themselves their checks and sang the opera. Next morning the checks were found to be worthless. Part of the chorus was forced to go a day without eating and others were turned out of their hotels at midnight because they couldn't pay their bills.

Finally, the Cleveland "angel" of the company, a lawyer named Clark, concluded the easiest way was to pass the buck to New York, which he did by means of a special train, to carry the company home. One Los Angeles man (whose name sounds suspiciously like that of the Cleveland lawyer) also knows what angelling an opera company means.

Gadski, De Treville and other well known musical names were on the bills of the company, which is said to have had a salary list of \$15,000 a week and playing in houses that couldn't seat \$15,000. Henri La Bonti (by another name smelling as sweet, i. e. Henry Balfour) formerly of Los Angeles was one of the unfortunates of this company. It is to

be regretted that his operatic venture should not have been hitched to a better star, as he has the ability to make good in tenor roles.

The experience of the Inter-State opera company is somewhat contrasted to that of the Behymer "La Scala" company last year, in which the management is said to have cleared up \$17,000 in three cities—and then had the good sense to quit while the gamble was good.

It is interesting to note that the benefit concert given for Mr. Isaac, who has been promoting settlement music and neighborhood chorus music east of Main street was quite a financial success. Mr. Isaac is an enthusiast in his line of work and doubtless has been doing much good. He was badly injured last summer by an automobile. The concert was under the auspices of the Matinee Musical Club and the main factor was Carl Bronson's choir. The soloists were Mrs. Balfour, Misses Virden and Turrish and Carl Briel, the composer of the music used in the "Intolerance" performance.

Charles Wakefield Cadman is home for the holidays after a three months' concert tour in the east. His mother awaited him at their Ardmore avenue bungalow. After a rest here he will continue the concert tour of the Pacific coast states and then spend the rest of the season in Los Angeles, where his two principal occupations are composing and trying to escape social invitations.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell writes that she will be in Los Angeles again in February, where she hopes to obtain rest for a time from her recital duties. Mrs. MacDowell's prominence in American music and her good humor lead her to be imposed on by many persons who take her time and strength for their own interests and who exploit her for their own social or professional ends. And the sum-total of this is more wearing on her than are her recitals. In spite of her depleted physical strength she carries on the work of creating interest in the MacDowell colony for musicians, and it is hoped that in her visit to Los Angeles this time she may be allowed a rest from social encroachments.

A number of prominent social lights are entertaining their friends in a musical way this season, as the dates of the Saint Saens quintet and the Hoben lectures show. Mr. Hoben will give his lectures as follows: on "Thais," at the residence of Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Jan. 4; "Iris," at the residence of Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Jan. 11; "Carmen," at the residence of Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Jan. 18, and "The Jewels of the Madonna," at the residence of Mrs. Willis Hunt, Jan. 25.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

One of the most popular of the younger matrons is Mrs. John Arthur Somers, formerly Miss Georgia Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off of this city. Just now Mrs. Somers, who is visiting here at the home of her parents on West Eighth street is busily planning for the christening of her young son, Master "Jack" Somers, Jr. The event will take place after the New Year, probably before Mrs. Somers returns to her home in Long Beach, where she and her husband are cozily domiciled.

Miss Elsie Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wright of Van Ness avenue, entertained Wednesday evening with a dinner dance for the younger set. Her guests were Miss Virginia Turner, Miss Helen Barry, Miss Marie Stanton, Miss Elizabeth Duque, Miss Leona Tackabury, Miss Katherine Wigmore, Miss Caroline Bryant, Miss Katherine Pauly, Miss Grace Denman, Miss Mary Warren, Miss Alice Walters, Miss Laura Myers, Miss Beatrice DeKalb, Miss Elizabeth Davidson, Miss Frances Fitzgerald, Miss Eleanor Cole, Mr. Claude Wellborn, Mr. Elbert Wing, Mr. Edwin Hill, Mr. William Scripps, Mr. Andrew Brown, Mr. LeRoy Reese, Mr. Charles Elmandorff, Mr. Bozarti DeKalb, Mr. Donald Kennedy, Mr. William Oliver, Mr. William Shoenau, Mr. S. Partridge, Mr. Edward Burrall, Mr. Dick Hudson, Mr. George Burrall, Mr. Wilson Jones, Mr. David Barry, and Mr. Gilbert Wright.

One of the most brilliant and beautiful events of the year was the big dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch at the Los Angeles Country Club, Wednesday evening, the affair being in compliment to the Misses Gertrude and Marion Kerckhoff, two of the season's most charming debutantes. Several hundred guests were invited for the occasion, which proved not only rarely enjoyable, but was also marked by the most delightful surprises. The decorations were elaborate in design, carrying out the effect of the great out-of-doors. Tall redwood trees formed an ideal setting, while tiny incandescent lights twinkled star-like between the branches. At one end of the room a gleaming bonfire glowed bright and warm. In fact the decorations in every minute detail suggested the forest and the Christmas season. At the supper, the guests were kept in a continual state of surprise as the merry entertainment features were introduced and beautiful favors were showered upon them in novel manner. Altogether the affair proved one of exceptional brilliance and it will long remain as a red-letter evening on society's calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ford of Pasadena were among those who returned to their home from eastern travels in time for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Marie Reed and Mrs. Carpenter Nave also arrived to pass their Christmas season here with relatives and friends.

One of the most brilliant of the New Year affairs, and there are to be a merry round of them in the forthcoming weeks, will be the large reception given January 2 by Mrs. Frank W. Emery of 1400 Hillcrest avenue, Pasadena, in honor of her daughter, Miss Katherine Emery. Following the reception there will be a dinner-dance given for the younger set. Miss Emery, whose formal debut this event will mark, is the second of the buds of the Crown City to be introduced this season, Miss

Georgiana Drummond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond, having been presented a fortnight or so ago at a brilliant affair given by her parents. Miss Helen Sherk, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Sherk, of Pasadena, will make her formal bow to society January 4 at a reception to be given at the Midwick Country Club.

An attractive wedding of the week was that of Miss Ruth Powell, daughter of Mrs. Louis Weston Powell, and Mr. Arden Lapham Day, son of Mrs. C. E.

honeymoon trip Mr. Day and his bride will be at home to their friends at 2325 Scarff street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ayer of Boston and Prides Crossing announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Katharine Ayer to Mr. Keith Merrill of Minneapolis. Mr. Merrill, whose parents' winter home is at 480 South Orange Grove avenue, is now on duty in Texas with the First Minnesota Field Artillery. Miss Ayer is the niece of Mrs. Joseph B. Banning of Los Angeles and the sister of Mrs. George S. Patton, Jr., of San Marino. She has visited here frequently and has many warm friends in this city.

Mrs. W. C. Watson of Mariposa street was hostess Thursday at a prettily appointed luncheon given at the Alexandria. Scarlet carnations and cycla-



MRS. JOHN ARTHUR SOMERS,
One of the most popular of the younger matrons.

Day, which took place Wednesday evening just at twilight, at St. John's Episcopal church in West Adams street. The Rev. George Davidson officiated and the ceremony was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends. Clusters of white blossoms adorned the altar and ferns and potted plants were prettily arranged throughout the church. Mr. Ralph Powell gave his sister into the keeping of the bridegroom and Mr. Charles Seyler served Mr. Day as best man, the ushers including Mr. Paul Grimm, Mr. Walter Comstock, Mr. Herman Smith, Mr. David Brant, Mr. Henry McKay, Jr., Mr. William Norris Bucklin, Jr., and Mr. George Powell. The bride was becomingly attired in a gown of dark blue velvet, a tete-de-nigre hat completing her costume and she carried a bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley, gardenias and sprays of white orchids. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's mother in West Twenty-eighth street, for the immediate relatives. After an extended

men were artistically combined in the decorations, and places were arranged at the table for Mrs. George Beveridge, Miss Frances Beveridge, Miss Carroll Cambron, Mrs. James Kavanaugh, the Misses Kathleen and Doreen Kavanaugh, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. John Wigmore, Mrs. George Wigmore, Miss Marion Wigmore, Mrs. August Freese, the Misses Kate, Jennie and Consuelo Freese, Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Miss Dorothy Williams and the hostess.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Howard Sherk of Pasadena have issued cards for a reception to be given January 4, at the Midwick Country Club. At this reception Dr. and Mrs. Sherk will formally introduce their daughter, Miss Helen Sherk to their friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran of Loma drive, who have just returned home from New York, will entertain New Year's eve at the Crags Country Club.

One of the delightful affairs of the

week was the dancing party given Tuesday evening at the California Club by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Forve. The party was particularly to compliment their daughters, Miss Louise Forve and Miss Mary Forve and their sons, Mr. Charles Forve and Mr. Philip Forve, Jr., who are home from school for their Christmas vacation. The club was in brilliant holiday attire, the rooms aglow with red flowers and scintillating colored lights adding their beauty to the many tinsel cedars. The tables were attractively adorned with holly and greenery. More than three hundred of the college set shared honors with the season's debutantes in this, which perhaps was the largest vacation party thus far extended.

Miss Madeline Souden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar May Souden, of 557 Manhattan place, gave her friends a genuine surprise when she announced her engagement to Mr. Christy Walsh, at her Christmas party Tuesday afternoon. The rooms were attractive with bright hued holly berries and greenery suggestive of the holiday season and with the daylight excluded a soft light fell from innumerable red-shaded candelabra. Miss Souden was assisted in receiving her more than one hundred guests by Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Marion Kerckhoff, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Cecile McLaughlin, Miss Mary Dockweiler, Miss Rosario Dockweiler, Miss Edna Miles, Miss Lois Salisbury, Miss Marie Scheller, Miss Mary O'Neill, Miss Mary Forve, Miss Elizabeth Weiss and Mrs. Charles M. Nebeker. Mr. Walsh was formerly a local newspaper man of this city, but is now Pacific Coast advertising representative for the Chalmers Motor Car Company. Miss Souden is a popular member of the younger social set. No definite date has been set for the wedding which will probably be one of the fashionable events of the early spring.

Among those who passed the Christmas holidays at Hotel Oakland from Los Angeles and Pasadena were Miss Edith Porter, Pasadena; Mr. A. D. Porter, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lyons, Los Angeles; Mr. William Mulholland, Los Angeles, Mr. J. B. Lippincott, Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Beach of Pasadena.

Mrs. J. R. Whipple entertained with a delightful luncheon a few days ago at Hotel Oakland, her guests including Mrs. Lewis Merriam of Washington, D. C., Mrs. William Bayless of Juneau, Alaska, Mrs. A. T. G. Gillespie, of San Francisco, Mrs. A. F. Thane, Mrs. J. Thane and Mrs. B. L. Thane.

Mrs. A. C. Posey was in charge of the Travelers' Aid tea, given at Hotel Oakland Thursday. The tea was held in the ball room and a large number were in attendance.

Mrs. K. Crellin entertained Friday at Hotel Oakland with an elaborate luncheon.

Mrs. E. F. Bogardus entertained at her home, Western avenue and Sunset boulevard, Thursday. The affair was especially to compliment her house guest, Mrs. Frederick Leigh Nason of San Diego, a recent bride and a sister of Mrs. Bogardus. Mrs. Nason will be the guest of honor at several other affairs while visiting here.

Honoring Miss Margaret Daniell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniell of Manitou avenue, whose marriage to Mr. Austin Hawley Jenison will take place January 2, Mrs. Alma Whitaker entertained Wednesday afternoon with a polo tea at the Midwick Country Club. The guests were invited to witness the polo game preceding the tea and included members of the bridal party and a few intimate friends. Those asked were Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniell, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Jenison, Mr.

and Mrs. John S. Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Redmayne of Santa Monica, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Andrews, Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, Mrs. Arthur Bent, Mrs. A. Sheldon Ballinger, Mrs. John Kahn, Miss Violette Lingan of New York, Miss Kathleen Mohl, Miss Adele Tracey, Miss Judith Jenison, Miss Monell Jenison, Mr. Austin Jenison, Miss Charlotte Winston, Mr. Mode Wineman, Mr. Ingraham and Rev. Father Mythen.

Mrs. Richard Heimann of San Francisco is visiting her mother, Mrs. Estelle Larned of 948 South Alvarado.

Miss Eleanor Workman is giving a delightful afternoon tea dance next Monday for the young people home from college for the holidays.

Miss Hilda Clough, after a delightful visit with Miss Katheryn Cocker, returned to her home in San Francisco for the holidays, taking Miss Cocker with her for a few days' visit in the northern city.

New Year Eve will be an occasion for much festivity at the Alexandria. The New Year will be ushered in with all the pomp and ceremony customary to such an occasion and we learn it is intended to make this event stand out as one of the most brilliant events of several seasons.

The entertainment to be provided will be varied and unusual and, from the reservations already made, gives promise of outdoing any of the efforts heretofore made toward gathering together a cosmopolitan crowd.

A peep at the reservation book disclosed the fact that there was a very heavy requests for tables were coming in rapidly, not only from Los Angeles and vicinity but from neighboring states and in one or two instances from even so far away as New York and the Atlantic Coast states.

The A. B. McGarreys have reserved a table for ten guests, Mrs. Vernon Castle has reserved a table, as have the J. Harrington Sickels, Mr. E. M. Lewis, Mr. J. K. Turner, Mr. Alexander Curlett, Mr. E. D. Wilson, Mr. J. V. Baldwin, Mr. E. R. Hibbard, Mr. Otto Busch, Mr. L. E. Kent, Mr. R. E. Maynard, Mr. E. W. Engle, Dr. Moore, F. A. McShane, Vernon Goodwin, O. W. Childs, L. Howell Davis, F. Van Camp, Mr. A. H. Newman, R. A. Walton, Mr. F. Busch, Mrs. M. Kendis, Mr. W. A. Foreman, Mrs. T. Brainerd, Mr. Charlie Chaplin, Mr. H. J. Brintnall, the Phillip Forves, Mr. V. H. Rossetti, Mr. C. O. Whittemore, Mr. C. Leonardt, Mr. G. L. Hogan, Mr. L. E. Greppin, Mr. R. Olmstead, Mr. Chester L. Lydey, Mr. H. C. Henshey, Mr. L. Howell Davis, Mr. O. G. Barrett, Mr. A. L. Vickery, Mr. Phillip Smalley and a great many more. All told, there were about twelve hundred people included so far in the list, many of the locally prominent whose names are not included being guests of others.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Pearl LaRue Strong for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mildred Pearl Strong to Mr. Henry Edmund Rivers, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rivers. The ceremony will be celebrated Thursday evening, January 4, at 8:30 o'clock in the First Congregational church, seven hundred friends of the two families having been bidden for the event. Miss Strong's bridal party will include a bevy of seven young women. Mrs. Gwendolyn Mulholland will assist as her matron of honor and Miss Dorothy Arzner as maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Ruth Robbins of Chicago, Miss Ellen Andrews, Miss Lucile Dehner, Miss Florence Payne and Miss Edith Judah. Mr. Nairn Rivers will serve his brother as best man and the ushers are to include Mr. Edward Little, Mr. Sennett Gilfillan, Mr. Will Dickinson, Mr. Webster Holmes, Mr. Grame Howard and

Mr. Seely Mudd. Owing to the holiday festivities a number of the entertainments planned for Miss Strong and her fiance are not to be given until after their return from their wedding trip. Among the pre-nuptial affairs in their honor, however, was a dance Thursday evening with Mr. Gilfillan as host and Friday Miss Andrews entertained at her home on Andrews boulevard. Mrs. Mulholland is giving a house party in honor of the young couple at Coronado this week-end and New Year's Eve Mrs. E. B. Rivers, mother of the bride-elect, will give a tea dansant at her country place in Monrovia.

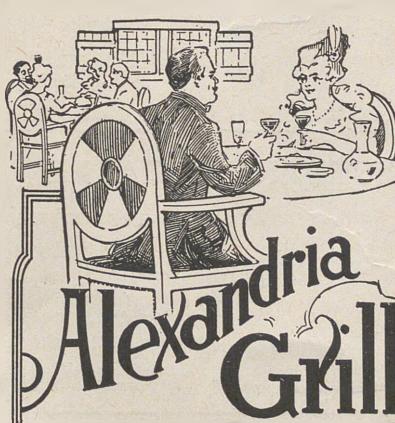
Mr. and Mrs. Motley H. Flint of 601 New Hampshire street entertained with a family party Christmas day. Their guests included former Senator and Mrs. Frank Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McKay, son-in-law and daughter of the latter; Mr. William Flint and Mrs. A. L. Danskin.

After an enjoyable visit to New York, Mrs. Frederick W. Braun has returned to her home here. Her daughter, Miss June Braun, who accompanied her to New York, remained in the metropolis to study. While together in New York Mrs. Braun and Miss Braun enjoyed the opera together and other of the mid-winter entertainments there.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan on West Twenty-fourth street quite a family party was gathered for the Christmas celebration. Mr. Cosmo Morgan III came down from the north to pass the holidays with his parents. Mrs. Cosmo George Morgan of Mountain View also came down for the occasion, as did Mr. C. B. Jennings, the father of Mrs. Morgan.

Miss Gertrude Gardiner of San Jose is the house guest of Mrs. Charles E. Fredericks, of 1508 Victoria Park. Miss Gardiner is a talented violinist and has

(Continued on Page 12.)



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Cheaters

By Pearl Rall

ONCE MORE the Little Theater is dying and amid the sound of tears. Long live the Little Theater! Los Angeles is not yet ready for the large ideal. Perhaps several more Little Theaters will have to be sacrificed before the circle will have grown and become organized strongly and closely enough to carry the thought to success. As it is a miserably small group of spectators has gathered this week at the Little Theater, and these not all sympathetic persons either, to watch the last courageous breaths taken.

D. H. Lawrence's "Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," a threnodic thing that touches the depth of human suffering and soul groping a little above the plane of Caliban, was rather too suggestive of

guilty-minded wife. It cools the flame of her passion and checks the ardor of her lover to respectful attention of the proprieties, which after all have a basis in nature and reason.

One of the rather gruesome scenes of the play that has a strong flavor of Dreiser's "Girl in the Coffin" from "Plays Natural and Supernatural," is the announcement of the burying of the miner in the mine shaft, the recovery and laying out of the corpse for burial. It gives opportunity for tremendous emotional acting on the part of Irene Bevins as the mother of the dead man. Throughout the play Kirah Markham demonstrated her exceptional powers of repression and of expression in the whole gamut of human emotion. Athol W. Hayes in the role of the drunken, cloddish husband was realistic to ter-



Ray Samuels at the Orpheum

obsequies. In its realism it is a repulsive thing. It pictures the bleakness and barrenness that surrounds the lives of every member of a miner's family and the half articulate struggle with this crushing blackness for happiness and normal goodness that seizes each individual willy nilly, and shakes the spirit out of him. The fatalism and sordidness of it was like a pall. Particularly, the story dealt with a high-spirited superior woman wedded to a cloddish chap. Each calls forth the worst in the other and sympathy is sought from without, blindly and shame-facedly. Drink and women are the portion of the man, a liaison with a youth just waking to manhood and the sex attraction draws the woman irresistibly. The baiting of two souls is depicted with sickening detail. The thought, the often-repeated desire for death of the husband and honorable release brings its answer in reality. Then with the strange unreasonableness of woman remorse racks the

rific degree, while W. Frayne Williams interpreted the development of a blind passion, which nevertheless had a gleam of nobility in it, with a fine understanding of the groping element which is a part of it. Margaret Allen and Marie Francis as the worthless trollops with whom the husband consorts gave interesting characterizations and Master C. Edward Peil and little Corinne Johnson added a touch of brightness to the grim picture.

No one but a true and devoted artist could have played to such a house and the work of the company marks them as brave leaders in a forlorn hope—forlorn indeed for the present in the flood of crude farce-comedy which the theater-going public is taking in large doses this winter. The play was gruesome and dispiriting but there were many in the small group that viewed it who showed not distaste but long ears. There is a mighty distinction between the two. Ah well, Los Angeles is not ready for a real Little Theater yet.

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Take-off on Billy Sunday

Billy Sunday should not take exception to Frank Otto's picture of him in George M. Cohan's "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday" at the Mason this week for it is a right pleasing reflection and the audience accepts a bit of preaching in excellent good humor, because it is done in such jolly manner, and several other things, including the dingy scenery, that otherwise would not be accepted. Howard Hull Gibson as the town bully and son of the wealthiest man in the place was irresistibly funny and well sustained. The type was easily recognizable and elicited many hearty laughs in his failure to match his boasts. The remainder of the company was evenly balanced and carried the fun with rapidity.

Ghetto Character Types Visualized

Did the rain deter friends of Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter from renewing personal acquaintance with them at the Morosco at the very first opportunity this week? Not at all. And if those Sunday audiences be any criterion as to size and demonstration of appreciation under better conditions throughout the week the engagement may be creited as one of the most successful of the Morosco season. James Corrigan and Richard Dix brought out

the program. Leonard Gautier's dogs and ponies from the "toy shop" delighted the kiddies; Ralph Dunbar and four dainty southern maidens in hoop-skirts and pantaloons for the esthetic and sentimental; Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in a whimsical and vivacious tabloid opera, "Ma'mselle Caprice," for the musically inclined; and George McKay and Ottie Ardine and Kenney and Hollis in rapidly tapering degrees of nonsensicality for the frivolous or weary-spirited. And then Marie Fitzgibbon, the Irish raconteuse, and Vanda Hoff and Betalo Rubino, the fantastic dancers, and their company in that gorgeous Arabian Nights' vision, "The Dancing Girl of Delhi," are retained to complete the variety for all tastes. Like a Christmas tree there was something for every member of the vaudeville and to each it was acceptable. And everyone appeared to sense that the Orpheum's Christmas tree was going to be big and bright and full of presents for every one was there buying tickets for holiday week.

Mystery Play Full of Melodrama

"Seven Keys to Baldpate," a play within a play which the Burbank Players have just been making desperate efforts to warm into life this week is too suggestive of the present weather just out-



Mariska Aldrich, Symphony Soloist

the quaint, broad humanity of these ghetto character types, whom Montague Glass has made us all hold in affectionate regard, with sympathetic touch. To James Corrigan the task is the easier, being gifted as a versatile character actor naturally. His characterization is, therefore, the more even throughout, but Dix succeeds quite well in maintaining the Hebraic accent and spirit despite a marked individuality and certain decided mannerisms of his own. Especially in the second act when Mawruss discovers the recklessly ruinous course pursued by Abe in counseling the escape of Andrieff, the Russian suspect-musician, played by Douglas MacLean, he demonstrates his appreciation of the bigger significance of the situation. But he is no good as a lover. Another notable characterization is that of Marks Pasinsky, a buyer, by Herbert Farjeon, which is a good bit of work. The remainder of the cast is rather out of its element but gives a spirited picture that is full of humor and a bit of pathos.

Christmas Carols Give Color

"Mother, that is what I call good music," was the commentary of one small lad at the Orpheum Christmas day, at the conclusion of A. F. Frankenstein's orchestral arrangement of Christmas Carols which opened the bill at that ever popular house Christmas day. And the atmosphere it created dominated the entire bill, even though Sarah Padden and her company in that gray patch of tragedy, "The Clod," continued to be the most moving and artistic thing on

side on Main street. It is hard to be enthusiastic when one is cold and despite the double-barreled melodrama things refuse to warm up. Cohan has taken decided liberties with Biggers' novel of the same name and it cannot be said that he has improved it. After bringing his hero to the scene of excitement he leaves him and apparently introduces six other personages, with as many keys, and rapidly unfolds a plot of intrigue, robbery, graft, murder and "love at first sight," in astonishingly short order. Then he returns to his hero, and lets the audience in on the fact that they have been reading the manuscript which the writer hero has been scribbling in his room above stairs. Warner Baxter, as the novelist, renders a lively interpretation of William Hallwell Magee who is writing on a wild bet, and Inez Plummer as Mary Norton, the newspaper reporter of his brain, makes his task an easy one. Of the other personages in the "thriller" all contributed excellent characterizations and kept as spirited action to the unfolding of the last mystery of the owners of the six keys as the cool atmosphere would permit.

Orpheum Starts New Year Right

With New Year's day, at Monday's matinee, the Orpheum will present a new program, featuring four headline acts incoming. These are all of stellar calibre to keep pace with Ray Samuels, the blue streak of vaudeville, who tops the list. As a singer, dresser and optimist of good cheer, Miss Samuels has

no rivals. She brings new ditties and new clothes this time, and her radiant personality has shown no change, so it is assured that the sun will shine in the Orpheum no matter what may occur outside. With a headliner like this, Bert Savoy and Jay Brennan have to go some to keep a pace, but "On the Rialto," they do. One is a ticket speculator and the other is a chorus girl—a female impersonation quite apart from the usual, very artistic and well done. This gives a line of patter and song possibilities that the two boys are quick to seize. Mlle. Vera Sabina, with her assistant, in "Fantasies of the Dance," will render a program of several numbers, all excellently worked out. Mlle. Sabina was due in Berlin for the Kaiser's own delectation, but the war is responsible for her staying here, while vaudeville profits by her dances and gowns prepared for the Imperial delight. She is a star dancer of recognized ability, beauty and skill. "Lots and Lots of It" is a comedy based on the Mutterzlob stories in a famous weekly; Phil White plays the role of the Hebraic real estate speculator, who is apparently caught in a bog, but which turns out to be the hit of his career, and an excellent company supports him in the laugh factory the sketch has proved to be. Remaining from the present week are McKay & Ardine, "On Broadway;" Kenney & Hollis, Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers, and Leonard Gautier's animated Toyshop, for the kiddies, with new music by the orchestra and new Pathé semi-weekly pictures. There will be, to end out the old year, two performances Sunday night, New Year's eve—at 7:30 and 9:45 o'clock respectively.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" Again

Beginning with a special matinee on New Year's afternoon, the Burbank will start the second and positively last week of the famous comedy, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which has proved one of the most satisfactory offerings that the Burbank has had in many months. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is a melodrama of the good old-fashioned sort with a goodly supply of villains and an adventure or two, just enough careless display of guns to tickle the nerves of the audiences, graft disclosures, an old hermit ghost, and a world of other entertaining characters and events that supply the chief material out of which George M. Cohan fashioned this big mystery farce. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the success of this comedy at the Burbank theater, for it is repeating the success it made upon the occasion of its production in New York, where it was one of the best known money getters the country had in years. The Burbank has gathered from the best players in the southwest to make this production of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" a particular

(Continued on Next Page)

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Social and Personal
(Continued from Page 9.)

been much entertained since her arrival a number of delightful affairs having been given in her honor. This charming visitor will remain with Mrs. Fredericks until some time in February and many other plans are being made for her entertainment.

In honor of Miss Margaret Daniell, whose marriage to Mr. Austin Hawley Jenison will take place at St. John's Episcopal Church the evening of January 2, Mrs. Bayliss F. Shepherd of 2129 Park Grove avenue, entertained at the Ebell clubhouse in South Figueroa street Tuesday afternoon. The hours were from 4 to 7 o'clock and more than one hundred guests were bidden.

Mrs. John E. Owen of 6901 Hawthorne avenue will entertain with auction bridge the afternoon of Monday, January 29, for which invitations have been issued.

Miss Josephine Ihmsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Ihmsen of 2905 Sunset place, has returned home after passing two months in New York the guest of Mrs. Martin Rothschild, of 753 West End avenue.

Mr. Clark Keeley was the honored guest at a birthday dinner party given by his mother, Mrs. Russell Taylor at the Taylor home in Berkeley square a few days ago. The affair was a surprise to the young son and about a dozen of his young friends were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Wann of 920 West Twenty-eighth street entertained Wednesday evening at the Russian Ballet, their guests including Mr. Van Court Warren, Mrs. C. C. Ramsay and Mr. A. E. Van Court. Mr. and Mrs. Wann at dinner Christmas day entertained in addition to the above named Mr. and Mrs. Lester Thompson of St. Louis and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hannon of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacey of Garfield and Oak streets, entertained Monday evening with a large Christmas party, about seventy-five guests being invited in for the evening. Dancing and a Christmas supper were enjoyed. Assisting the host and hostess were their five attractive daughters, the Misses Marjorie, Helen, Florence, Eleanor and Constance, and their son, Mr. Richard H. Lacey, Jr.

Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens, Mrs. John Leggat, Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee and Mrs. John S. Cravens are to be the hostesses this evening at the New Year's Eve dinner-dance at the Midwick Country Club.

Mrs. G. A. Bobrick, who returned recently from a visit in New York of six months, was hostess Christmas day at a Yuletide dinner. Among the guests who enjoyed the festive occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright and their children. Mrs. Wright formerly was Miss Marie Bobrick.

Month's Calendar of Friday Morning Club

For January the Friday Morning Club members have many interesting sessions in prospect. Announcement is made of the following events:

Friday, January Fifth—

"The Winter Feast," Charles Rann Kennedy, "Its Philosophy and Lessons for Today," Augustus F. Knudson.

Will Consider Work of Brownings

Laurel Canyon Women's Club will be treated to a consideration of the poetical works of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Mrs. Peter Young, and readings by Professor Charles Lazebny, at the regular meeting of the club next Thursday, January 4. This will be the first meeting of the new year and the resumption of activities after the holiday season.

Friday, January Twelfth—
"Woman's Chief Public Interest," Mary McDowell. Members only.

Friday, January Nineteenth—
"A Little Girl at Play." One act opera by Frank Patterson, Charles Henry de la Plate, J. A. Stockman, Edith Norton. Members only.

Friday, January Twenty-sixth—
"City Affairs," Hon. Frederick T. Woodman.

Committee Meetings

Thursdays, (every Thursday) 10:30—
Music Conference, Chorus, Mrs Charles G. Stivers, Director.

Tuesday, January Second 12 M.—
Book Committee Luncheon, Emil Verhaeren, Maurice Maeterlinck.

Tuesday, January Ninth, 2:30—
Public Affairs Committee, Public Health, program arranged by Dr. Julia Youngman Johnson.

Tuesday, January Sixteenth, 2:30—
Drama Committee, The Spiritual Note in American Drama as shown in the plays of Charles Rann Kennedy. Augustus F. Knudson.

Tuesday, January Twenty-third, 2:30—
Art Conference, The Great American Painter, William Merritt Chase, C. P. Townsley, Esther Hunt, Carolyn Wood.

Plays and Players

(Continued from previous page.)

ly attractive one, and in it are A. Burt Wesner, who is playing an important role, as well as personally directing the production; Warner Baxter, Inez Plummer, Grace Travers, Harry Duffield, Wallace Howe, Emelie Melville, Russell Powell, Miss Billie Boland, Frank Darien, Nolan Leary, David Butler, and many others.

"Potash and Perlmutter" Continues

"Potash and Perlmutter" has proved the best comedy that the Morosco theater has offered in many months and as a result of the unusual demand for seats, it will be played for one week more, beginning with tomorrow afternoon's matinee. There will be a special holiday matinee New Year's Day at the Morosco as well as the regular matinees later in the week. The play and its characters, "Abe and Mawruss," are more or less well known to every American citizen through the stories of the same name that appeared for so long as features in the Saturday Evening Post. Montague Glass, their creator, has woven the best of these stories into a three act comedy. The story of the play deals with two Americanized Jews, partners in a cloak and suiting store in New York. Fred J. Butler, stage director at the Morosco theater has invested "Potash and Perlmutter" with the finest cast and greatest production of months. This cast includes Richard Dix and James Corrigan in the name roles; Ruth Robinson, Lillian Elliott, Mary Baker, Lola May, Augusta Reed, Herbert Farjeon, Douglas MacLean, Laurence Jackson, Charles Buck and many others.

"The Crisis" at Majestic

That magnificent Selig masterpiece of photodramatization, "The Crisis," begins its second week at the Majestic theater with tomorrow afternoon's matinee, and will continue throughout the week with two performances daily. This fine photodrama was taken from Winston Churchill's novel of the same name, which, with its remarkably graphic story of the days just preceding the great civil war, proved to be the most popular novel ever published. From the indications attendant upon the first week of the production of the photodrama at the Majestic theater, there is every possibility that the picture will be just as popular as the novel, whose name it bears. Among the leading people in the photoplay "The Crisis" at the Majestic theater, are Bessie Eytton, who plays the stellar role of "Virginia Carvel," Matt Snyder as "Colonel Comyn Carvel," George Fawcett as "Judge Whipple," Thomas Santschi, as "Stephen Brice," Sam Drane as "Lincoln," Marshal Neilan as "Clarence Colfax" and many others. The scenes of the production are laid in Vicksburg, St. Louis and other southern cities and the actual historical sites were used as a background for the marvelous scenes that go to make up the beauty and magnificence of the play. In the battle scenes showing the tremendous moments of conflict in the

Civil War, the entire national guards of Tennessee and Mississippi were used, thereby securing a most wonderful effect.

South Sea Island Romance at Miller's

George Walsh in "The Island of Desire" is Miller's theater offering for New Year's week, starting Sunday. Anna Luther, the titian-haired darling of the films, appears opposite Walsh and her performance is said to be even better than the finished work which she did in "The Beast." The cast is unexcelled. Besides the two stars there are Willard Louis, William Burress, Herschel Mayall, William Clifford, Hector Sarno and Margaret Gibson. The story of "The Island of Desire" is filled with color and romance, and ends with an entirely unsuspected surprise which is certain to prove attractive. The tale is that of a curious expedition to the South Sea Islands in search of treasure. The members of the party are a reporter, a degenerate Australian and a cunning Chinese who supplies the money for the trip. George Walsh is splendid as the reporter and Miss Luther and Margaret Gibson are great in their roles. In ad-

thousand dollars weekly, before it can show a profit. The company carries two score Arabs and Moors, four camels and many horses.

Marguerite Clark in Fairy Story

One of the greatest film events of the season will be the appearance at Woodley's Theater this week of exquisite Marguerite Clark in an adaptation of the celebrated fairy tale, "Snow White." This is not the first time that this inimitable star has played the charming role of "Snow White," as she was the star of the stage version of the same tale which created such a veritable sensation at the Little Theatre in New York under the direction of Winthrop Ames. It is therefore of particular interest to note that Mr. Ames gave his personal assistance and advice in the converting of the play into a motion picture. This is one of the most delightful pictures for children that was ever produced, and grown-ups too will find a fascination in the thrall of this most popular and irresistible of all fairy tales. Miss Clark's personal charm will make her wonderfully attractive as the little Princess and she is certain to portray the character with her usual vivacity.

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Book Reviews

Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her

In this his latest story of a land and a people, the versatile author, a veteran in such studies, sets forth his vivid impression of the great Scotch cities, the several historical centers, the homes of Scott, Burns, and Knox, the romantic spots associated with William Wallace, Queen Mary, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, the island wonders of Iona, Staffa, and the greater Hebrides, and Loch Lomond and the Trossachs. The narrative is welded together by personal experiences, anecdotes, historical, political, and religious expositions, and references to the present European war. Several appropriate illustrations, a complete index, and a useful chronological table add to the effectiveness of the volume.

For a deeper appreciation of Scotland the author emphasizes the importance of a wide and accurate acquaintance with Scottish life and history as portrayed by Sir Walter Scott. "How marvellously did this Wizard of the North," he writes, "delight millions through many generations with his poetical numbers and his weird romances. . . . In the long run there are no more valuable assets to a country than its great men and its deathless literature."

The influence of Nature is another of Scotland's great attractions. "One here feels that the spell of Scotland is not only in nature's glories, but in the matchless landscape of her thought, nor is the empire of Scottish intellect one whit less fascinating than that of her lochs, her moors, her heather, or her granite hills."

The book, essentially of a popular nature, is not without its blemishes of superficiality and capriciousness. At page 70, in describing Dunfermline, for instance, he states that "the sovereigns David, James and Charles were born within the old castle walls;" but there were two Davids, seven Jameses, and two Charleses. On the next page, referring to the same ancient burgh as the birthplace of modern Dissent, he asserts that the dissenting religious bodies are now one under the name of "United Presbyterians;" but this organization merged into the United Free Church nearly twenty years ago.

An inconsistency peeps forth when the author comments on what he calls the present "international insanity—the chronic disease of Europe—which is covering the plains of Belgium with blood and corpses." How can this be reconciled with his eulogy of the noble part played by Scotland in this "insanity?" On this point he writes with enthusiasm: "No part of the Empire responded more quickly, generously, fully than Scotland, nor did any courage or sacrifice exceed that of the Scots. . . . during this trial of the soul of a nation in the wager of battle, to decide whether truth is worth living and dying for and whether solemn compacts are as torn count of its genuine appreciation and sympathy, will appeal to many lovers of paper." While not accurate enough for the genuine Scot or the close student of history, the book is one which, on a travel. ("Bonnie Scotland and What We Owe Her." By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Company.) J. M. D.

"Problems of Religion"

Recently a remarkable change has come over the Christian foreign outlook. Other faiths are no longer regarded as inimical and essentially evil, but as containing to a greater or less degree the "light that shone on every man born into the world." At one time this cosmopolitan attitude took the dubious form of proclaiming that any faith was good so long as the believer lived up to its teachings. But with a sounder view of the progress of human thought, such indifferentism is no longer bound up with a benevolent attitude towards faiths like Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism. A Christian thinker may surely remain loyal to his own faith, and even be strengthened in it, by a thorough knowledge of the good points in other religions.

Especially is it that, in our college centers, religion, which is at the heart of any live philosophy, should be examined thoroughly and reverently, and from the comparative viewpoint. Dr. Durant Drake's handy and yet wonderfully comprehensive "Problems of Religion" comes from a member of the faculty of one of our leading girls' colleges, Vassar; and is the outcome of lectures originally delivered to the students of Wesleyan University. Especially good is his treatment of Oriental

faiths, like Buddhism. "It is easy," he remarks (page 42), "to point out defects in Buddhism. It has not energized its converts, being rather a sedative than a stimulant. It has not sought to redeem the social order, contenting itself with pointing a way of escape from a hopelessly evil world. . . . It taught long before Christianity, the need of self-surrender and love; but it does not espouse them with the joyous abandon of the true Christian saints. Such wisdom of unwordliness as Buddha—and Christ, too—taught, easily paralyzes activity; and Buddhism did not have the good fortune to be taken up, as Christianity was, by peoples whose native energy should balance its unworldly teaching." But how about the Japanese samurai, who in the middle ages actually made Buddhism militant, and have left it still active and aggressive, so that our Pacific Coast is dotted with Buddhist missionary centers?

The chapter (XXIII) which takes up the Problem of Evil, is of particular interest in these days when Mrs. Eddy's teaching that evil is merely "error" and has no reality, finds so many adherents.

It is a dignified and illuminating treatment of a puzzling subject. Dr. Drake is frankly dualistic, finding the most satisfactory practical solution in the call for loyalty to a God who needs our help in the ceaseless warfare of the ages, and can promise final victory. ("Problems of Religion: and Introductory Survey." By Durant Drake. Houghton, Mifflin Company. Bullock's.)

J. M. D.

Tagore's "Fruit Gathering"

Since Rabindranath Tagore's coming to this country a new and more personal interest is being evinced in his writings and each succeeding book is greeted with an increasing circle of readers. Closely following upon the publication of his remarkable collection of short stories, "The Hungry Stones," is another volume of song offerings similar to his "Gitanjali." "Fruit Gathering" is the song of the harvest time of life. It would seem that Tagore, feeling that the autumn of his life or the eventide when the fruit gatherer comes in with his baskets of the season's, the day's harvesting to be sorted, whether worthy or not ripe, must sing of the home-coming and the burden. One of the lovely thoughts expressed is in the Second Movement:

"My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breezes comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness."

In the Ninth Movement corruption sings of incorruption: "When I lingered among my hoarded treasure I felt like a worm that feeds in the dark upon the fruit where it was born.

I leave this prison of decay." In "The Song of the Defeated" there is a touch of Carpenter, and the same message as is uttered in "The Victor," one of the best of his short stories. Death crowns the victor. Throughout there are evanescent hints of deep spiritual meaning that flash forth under the light of examination full of exquisite beauty. ("Fruit Gathering." By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

"Blithe McBride"

Blithe McBride, from the moment when she sets out on her voyage across the seas to America, to that memorable day when her bravery and courage and honesty of purpose receive their due reward, is a most companionable person. It is to be doubted if Miss Dix has ever written a book which in plot or characters is more interesting, more appealing, more human, than this vivid tale of the 17th century. ("Blithe McBride." By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's.)

"The Winged Victory"

The reader of this latest book by the author of the "Heavenly Twins" will find entertainment in the descriptions of men and things, in the array of interesting personages and in the entertaining but inconsequential dialogue between them. The story depends upon incident and external characterization for its interest. One is inclined to classify Ella, the heroine, as a snobbish person, as it is hard to credit her with genuine intelligence or true distinction. The Duke is a nonentity, and Melton a "screen hero." The book seems to be a continuation, and although we are not promised further prolongation one feels that it is to be continued in our next and in our next. The

novel is quite long but does not appear to be complete. ("The Winged Victory." By Sarah Grand. D. Appleton & Co. Bullock's.)

Tells of a "Magnificent Adventure"

The hero of this stirring romance is Meriwether Lewis, who is commissioned by Pres. Jefferson to go across the pathless forests to the Pacific Coast. Burr, then vice-president, realizing that the success of this expedition will mean the downfall of his own plan to establish and rule an empire in the west, persuades his daughter to prevent Lewis's departure. The story of her endeavors, of Lewis's love for her, of the wiles of Burr himself, of Jefferson's confidence in Lewis, and the final denouement, the happiness, the tragedy and the noble characters of Lewis and Theodosia—all make up a novel which, while true to historic detail, is a thrilling story of one of the most dramatic periods in our history. ("The Magnificent Adventure." By Emerson Hough. D. Appleton & Co. Bullock's.)

"Mary 'Gusta' of Cape Cod"

Joseph C. Lincoln has given Cape Cod more publicity in the last ten years than all previous writers put together, and in his latest book, "Mary 'Gusta,'" he brings in a delightful and unusual type of little girl and two old men who are the most interesting old codgers possible. Mary 'Gusta' is an orphan and a legacy from her step-father, Capt. Hall, to two of his old friends, one a bachelor and the other a widower, living together in South Harniss in company with a male cook from the captain's schooner. It seems unthinkable that they should assume the charge of a little girl, but they consent and are soon being managed by the child who develops a marked capacity for managing. There is a thread of romance running through this delightful and human story. ("Mary 'Gusta.' By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co. Bullock's.)

"The Daughter Pays"

Despite the fact that many writers have made the mercenary marriage their theme, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds in her new novel, has spun a variation in her plot that gives it all the merit of originality. It is a type of story that will appeal to all lovers of romance, who read on eagerly for the ecstatic thrill of a happy ending. It also is a story that will grip and hold its readers through its keenly exciting and human plot. A butterfly of a woman, Virginia Mynors, jilts one man who loves her for a richer lover. Years later, penniless through her own extravagances, her husband now dead, she seeks to re-win her former suitor. Immune from her fascinations, however, the discarded lover of her youth, bargains with her for the hand of her daughter. The latter is urged by her mother into the mercenary marriage. And the daughter pays—but in the end the grim misogynist learns that she resembles her mother in no wise, except perhaps in her beauty. Suddenly the taciturn Gaunt is overwhelmed with the fear that he can never win the love of the young girl whom he has made his wife, a fear that is given impetus by the presence in the background of a young man, undeniably devoted to her. It is a fascinating story for those who like romance and the ending will find a response in the hearts of these. ("The Daughter Pays." by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. George H. Doran Company. Bullock's.)

Bring your auto to a dead stop before passing a car where people are getting on or off. That is helping for

"Safety First"

Los Angeles Railway



With Best Wishes for the New Year

The Salt Lake Route thanks its patrons for past business and wishes for them and everyone else a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

May the New Year bring additional prosperity and happiness.

The latter will be assured, if, when traveling to the East the journey be made in the Los Angeles Limited or the Pacific Limited. The luxurious comfort to be enjoyed in a trip to Chicago in these trains via Salt Lake City and the Union Pacific will long be remembered with pleasure.

The dining car service will tempt you by its excellence.

Information and tickets at 501 and 503 So. Spring St.

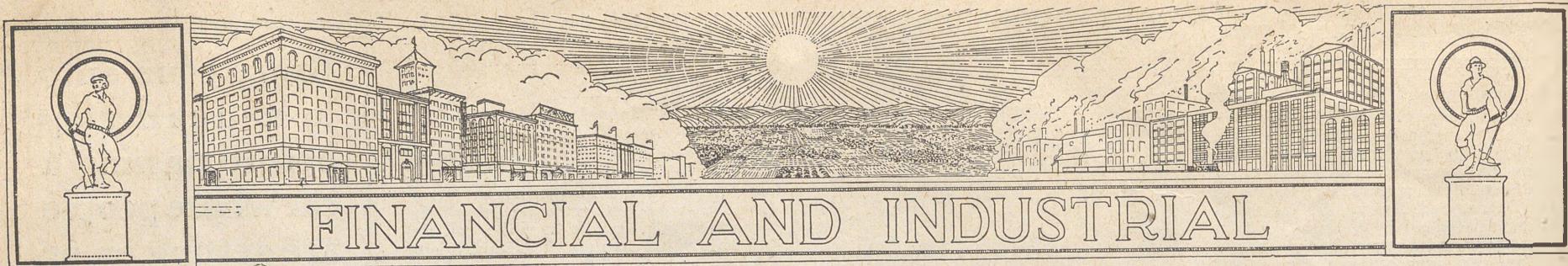
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GREATLY SCARED BANKER

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, president of the National City Bank of New York, is much in evidence before the people as to what we should do and refrain from doing in these parlous times. In his recent address to the Chicago Bankers' Club he insisted that the bankers, who of necessity have much to do with business affairs, and much influence in them, should systematically warn those with whom they have financial relations that American business must be more efficiently conducted than it has been.

Now, while one is quite at liberty to disagree with Mr. Vanderlip on any proposition, says the San Francisco Chronicle, it would be folly not to recognize that the president of the largest bank on this continent must be a man worth listening to when he speaks on finance and business. And it is best to understand just what scares Mr. Vanderlip.

The belligerent nations of Europe are now almost completely socialized. The pressure of war has compelled the governments responsible for its conduct to practically commandeer the services of their entire population, not merely for fighting but for supplying the armies with the means of winning victory. They are controlling the energies of their people industrially and commercially. Personal liberty has absolutely disappeared in respect to the occupations of the people, and to a great extent even as to what they shall eat and wear.

What Mr. Vanderlip fears is that these national forces, having been socialized for war purposes, the industrial and commercial socialization will continue for the purpose of carrying on the industrial and commercial exploitation of the world, and that in our assumed utterly disorganized condition they will roll us in the mud in competition for business.

As an incident of the situation, Mr. Vanderlip, and many others, are greatly concerned at our prodigious accumulation of gold. For what we sell in excess of what we buy Mr. Vanderlip wishes we were taking less actual gold and more obligations of foreign nations or their municipalities or people.

They hold that even now the actual gold is a basis of credit which is leading, or may lead, to unwise commitments for the future.

That, however, is but a trifle as compared to the credit expansion and temptation to speculation which would arise if the gold should be made a basis not only of deposit credit but of currency issues to the amount of three or four times its face, or even two and a half times, to which the Federal reserve banks are restricted. Should that occur, these men believe that speculation would run wild, until, our gold being drained away from us by the possible superior efficiency of competitors, there was a collapse of credit and general disaster.

Now, this is as simple a statement as we can make of what is scaring some of our great bankers. It is quite worth while for everybody to understand it.

Assuming that personal liberty has permanently fled from the European nations and that after the war we must compete with industries backed by taxation, and that the consolidated national energies are directed by the highest capacity, the question is how shall we meet it?

And, as to that, there are a good many who vigorously insist that all that we shall need to meet it successfully is to take the shackles off American business. Stop the minute non-constructive regulation of everybody and everything and permit the American people to organize on the natural lines of industrial and commercial subdivision and push their own business with the energy inspired by hope of personal reward.

For on that basis we need fear no competition whatever.

Successful Advertising

The German-American Trust & Savings Bank is being congratulated this week upon the success of its Christmas campaign. More than one thousand new

accounts were received as a result of the special effort. Bank accounts as Christmas gifts have always stood in high favor, the main difficulty in augmenting their use being in the form of the gift. Children fail to grasp the full significance of an entry in a bank book to their credit. The German-American Trust and Savings Bank has recognized this fact and believes a large part of the success of the Christmas campaign to be due to the combination of the home safe used by the bank with the Christmas bank account. The bank book bearing the name of the child and showing the deposit to its credit, is enclosed in the cover of a holly-decorated box containing the home safe. The safe, which is made of nickel and highly polished, is wrapped in red tissue and tied with green cord. So that in addition to the fact that the child has a "really truly" bank account, he or she also receives a home safe which is full of interest to the childish mind. The safe is identical with the one used by some eighteen thousand of the bank's depositors.

All forms of advertising were used by the bank in the campaign, the most novel medium being the bank's windows. Lighted display windows along both fronts of the bank showed the home safe and the special stationery used for Christmas accounts in attractive form, and interesting posters described their use and advantage as gifts. Inside the bank several posters on the supporting columns in the lobby called attention to the Christmas accounts and displays were beneath the large Christmas tree which was placed in the center of the room. The newspaper advertising was increased and had much to do with the success of the campaign. The entire campaign was carefully planned in advance, and the consistent way in which it was carried out is largely responsible for the gratifying results.

Heavy Locomotive Buying

Recently there has been heavy buying of locomotives, for both foreign and domestic account. There was announced recently a substantial order placed by France and also by Russia. The Great Northern has ordered fifty Mikado locomotives from the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The Baltimore and Ohio has ordered forty locomotives from the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Wheeling and Lake Erie ordered ten Mallet-type engines from the American Locomotive Company. The Russian government's locomotive orders now total 350—divided, 150 to the American Locomotive Company, 150 to the Baldwin Locomotive Works and fifty to the Canadian Locomotive Company.

Equipment buying also continues to show considerable improvement. The market in all classes of railroad materials is unusually active at the present time and heavy orders are being placed in all lines. The Northern Pacific has ordered 1,000 box and 500 automobile cars from the Pressed Steel Car Company, and has inquiries out for 500 refrigerator and 500 steel gondolas. The Russian government has ordered 2,000 steel freight cars from the American Car and Foundry Company and 1,500 from the Standard Steel Car Company.

\$38,000,000—Mostly "Pork"

A bill appropriating \$38,000,000 for federal buildings to be scattered here and there throughout the country is now before Congress. Secretary McAdoo in his annual report says Congress in the last twenty years has appropriated \$180,000,000 for public buildings, and of this vast sum the larger part has been spent in small places where "neither the government business nor the convenience of the people justified their construction." The present bill is said to be a repetition of this kind of extravagance.

Postmaster Burleson some time ago laid down the rule that no public building for postoffice purposes should be authorized in any community where the rental of government offices is less than \$1,000 a year, and then only when the gross receipts of the postoffice amount to \$15,000 or over. A special commission investigated the subject in 1913-14

and recommended that "in the case of every proposed public building the cost of rental of sufficient accommodations, of maintenance and operation, including interest at 3 per cent, shall be considered, so that the building shall not be undertaken unless it would be a desirable or proper investment." But these views, of course, are based on sound business principles, whereas public-building bills are based on politics.

Cost of the War

Indebtedness of the seven principal nations engaged in the European War has crossed \$75,000,000,000, according to statistics prepared by the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, and made public in a special booklet on the financial aspects of the war. In the middle of 1914 the indebtedness of these seven nations was \$27,000,000,000.

Financing on an extensive scale has taken place abroad this fall. France has issued a second formal war loan, Germany a fifth loan, and Russia a sixth loan. Great Britain has issued temporary securities in enormous sums. All the nations have been compelled to borrow extensively on account of the rising cost.

The war is now costing \$105,000,000 every twenty-four hours, according to the Mechanics and Metals National Bank; expenditures of the Entente Allies being fully double those of the Central Allies. Last April, when this bank undertook previously to make a financial analysis of the war its calculation of daily war cost was \$90,000,000. That Europe will have expended \$75,000,000,000 directly for military operations and that its combined direct and indirect cost will have been above \$100,000,000,000 if hostilities extend to the middle of next year, is a statement made by the bank. In making its estimate of direct military expenditure the bank compares it with the cost of other great wars of history as follows:

Napoleonic wars, 1793-1815, \$6,250,000,000; American Civil War, 1861-1864, \$8,000,000,000; Franco-Prussian War, 1870-1871, \$3,000,000,000; South African War, 1900-1902, \$1,250,000,000; Russo-Japanese War, 1904-1905, \$2,500,000,000; European War, 1914-1917, \$75,000,000,000.

The statement is made that the American Civil War, hitherto the greatest conflict in world history, is being duplicated in the present war with such intensity that a counterpart of every full year of that struggle is being reproduced each month. Pro rated over the entire population, the direct cost of the present war means more to the people of England than of any other nation. France is only a little behind on the list, Germany is third, and Russia last.

Interest on debt will require the payment of \$3,800,000,000 yearly after 1917, if the war ends next year. In 1914 it was \$1,070,000,000. In a booklet presenting these figures, the bank indicates that total government expenditure in Europe for bond interest and support of the various branches of government will require 19 per cent of the people's income.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CO.

PREPAREMENTS are being made by the California Packing Corporation, the big new canned and dried foodstuffs combination, for a country-wide sales campaign so as further to broaden the already wide market for the brands of goods handled by the company. These brands now include some of the best known on the American market, notably Del Monte, Glass Jar and Sunkist. Just on what particular brand the company will center its campaign is not yet determined definitely, but it is believed the Glass Jar brand will be selected for the national campaign.

Sales in 1917, it is estimated, will exceed \$40,000,000, compared with about \$35,000,000 this year. Recent reports of sales show increases of as much as 50 per cent in certain lines over a year ago. This increased business will be handled with only slight additional selling expense—this being one of the main objects of the consolidation—so that, it is officially figured, net next year will amount to \$10 a share on the 335,292 shares on common stock outstanding.

California Packing Corporation packs canned peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, asparagus, tomatoes, beans, in fact, a full line of fruits and vegetables that are grown in California. From 1906 to 1910 the average pack of California canned fruits and vegetables was 5,315,000 cases; from 1911 to 1915 it was 7,467,000 cases. This year indications point to a new high record pack.

The company operates about forty canneries located in all the producing valleys of any importance in California.

It secures its raw product in three ways; the company owns several thousand acres of ranches on which it will produce the bulk of its supply; secondly, it makes term contracts, generally for five years, for the second installment of its supply, and, thirdly, it buys in the market the balance of its supply from year to year as demand warrants. This policy puts the company in a position where it has the bulk of its supply safely in hand and simply buys the required margin from year to year.

The Alaska Packers' Association, about 75 per cent of which stock is owned by the California Packing Corporation, packs only salmon. It operates fourteen canneries in Alaska and three on Puget Sound. Its ships are fitted out in San Francisco in March and April. It sends into Alaska each year about 30 ships and between 5,000 and 6,000 men.

California Packing Corporation has declared a preferred dividend of \$1.38 a share covering the period from October 19 to January 1, 1917. Dividend is payable Jan. 1 to stock of record December 18. This is at the rate of 7 per cent per annum.

Commissioner Carnahan Reports

California is the second state in the Union in the number of corporations doing business within its boundaries, sixth in the amount of capital invested in corporate enterprises organized within the state, and also sixth in the amount of

Highest Competitive Awards

at both the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions, were given to Zerolene—an oil made from asphalt-base crude.

ZEROLENE

the Standard Oil for Motor Cars



Sold by dealers everywhere and at all Service Stations of the Standard Oil Company (California)

corporate earnings, according to the first biennial report by Commissioner of Corporations H. L. Carnahan.

In the twenty months' period covered by Mr. Carnahan's report 2680 corporations, having an aggregate authorized capital stock of \$869,005,104, made applications to the department. The commissioner signed 4816 formal orders affecting the issue of securities. He permitted the issue by 1970 companies of 82,781,439 shares of stock at an authorized selling price of approximately \$246,353,759 and the sale by ninety-three companies of bonds of the face value of \$59,699,400 at an aggregate minimum selling price of \$57,989,881.

Schools Savings Banks

The San Francisco School Savings Bank system was inaugurated August 8, 1911, and the total on deposit December 1, 1916, was \$316,273. The percentage of withdrawals to deposits is 38 1-3. The number of depositors December 1, 1916, was 18,716; the percentage of accounts closed to accounts opened being 23.

The following figures give a further idea as to the extent of the system's operation:

Average amount deposited by 18,716 children, \$16.

Average amount deposited by one hundred primary, grammar, and intermediate schools, based on total deposit of \$316,272, \$3103.

Daily average number of children buying school savings stamps at school, 686.

Percentage of children having savings accounts on December 1, 1916, to the daily average attendance in primary, grammar, and intermediate schools, same date, 33.7.

Figures showing savings in different neighborhoods, based on financial reputation of localities and estimated amount of stamps sold at schools having a total attendance of about 2150 children in each locality: Poor, \$8137; rich, \$7798; moderate, \$12,453.

California's Healthy Industries

The American National Bank of San Francisco says: "The year which is drawing to a close has been one of the most prosperous the State of California has ever experienced. Four of her five great sources of wealth, namely, agriculture, oil, mining and commerce, have made records which bid fair to stand unexcelled for a long time to come.

"For various reasons, principally on account of the lack of transportation, the fifth, lumber—has failed to measure up to the general standard of prosperity, although in comparison with the two years immediately preceding, the industry shows gratifying progress, and from present indications is in line to profit more by a cessation of hostilities in Europe than any of the others.

"While near-panic on the stock and grain exchanges and a general demoralization of all lines of business dependent upon future contracts of sale or delivery, are not conclusive evidence that contin-

ued prosperity for this country hinges upon a protraction of the war, they are, however, sufficiently significant to bring pause and reflection, and possibly a halt to the mad struggle for unearned increment that has possessed the entire country for the past year."

Ford Motor Figures

Official figure of production of the Ford Motor Co. in October is 56,539 cars, which almost equals the record high mark last March, with 58,394 cars. The scheduled output for the current fiscal year is 750,000 cars, against actual production in the 1916 year of 523,920, in the 1915 year of 308,213, and in the 1914 year of 248,307 cars.

The average price of the Ford output in the 1916 year was just over \$400, gross business being \$206,867,000 and cars sold 508,000. The new prices include an \$80 reduction in the touring car, so assuming \$320 as the average price of the output this year, the gross business of the Ford Motor Co. in the year to next July should approximate \$240,000,000.

Federal Bank Directors

Member banks of federal reserve district No. 12 (Pacific Coast) have re-elected C. K. McIntosh of the Bank of California, San Francisco, a class A director for Group 1, and Elmer H. Cox of Madero a class B director for Group 3, each for a term of three years from January 1, 1917.

California Petroleum

California Petroleum Corporation and subsidiaries on Dec. 15, last, had \$485,000 cash on hand and had no bills payable, the only current liabilities being ordinary routine items.

The company is carrying in storage more than 1,100,000 barrels of crude oil at 35 cents a barrel. The market price for this oil at present is 73 cents a barrel, which would add approximately \$450,000 to the current assets of the company, making the crude oil in storage worth over \$860,000.

California Petroleum Corporation in 1917 will benefit both from higher price for oil and from increased production. The average price received by the company in 1916 will not be much better than 50 cents a barrel, whereas the new year opens with oil quoted at 73 cents a barrel, with strong indications that it will go higher.

Development work on the Bell ranch tract of approximately 10,000 acres, in which California Petroleum Corporation has a one-half interest, is expected materially to add to production next year. More than 400 car loads of material have recently been shipped into the Bell ranch property in connection with the opening up of new wells.

Irrigation Bonds

J. R. Mason & Co. of San Francisco were awarded the \$283,000 bonds of the Alpaugh irrigation district with a bid of .07127 and accrued interest, and the securities will be delivered to them as soon as certified.

Investment Building

Broadway at Eighth St.



OFFICES FOR RENT

Single or en Suite

For information in regard to space and rates apply at the office of Building, on main floor.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.

OWNERS

Main 5647

Home 60127

Hotel Oakland



A \$2,000,000 building overlooking Lake Merritt and the mountains in Oakland, California.

- ¶ Sunny corridors surrounding beautiful gardens
- ¶ Ideal cuisine and service features.
- ¶ Surprisingly low rates \$1.50 up

Carl Sword, Manager

A Winning Combination

Sound, conservative banking methods plus an earnest desire to co-operate with our depositors has won for us in a few short years an enviable position among the leading Savings Banks of Los Angeles.

We propose to maintain and advance that position from year to year.

HIBERNIAN Savings Bank

Second Floor Hibernian Bldg.
FOURTH AT SPRING

4%

On Term Accounts
DEPOSITED FOR PERIODS
OF SIX MONTHS

German American Trust & Savings Bank

Spring at Seventh St-Los Angeles
Savings..Commercial..Trust

CHLORIDE 1903-1916

FREE INFORMATION ON CHLORIDE COPPER MINES

Mines Examined

JOHN B. HUGHES,
333 I. W. Hellman Bldg.

Reports Furnished

WILSON, LACKEY & CO.

364 I. W. Hellman Bldg. Marginal Accounts Carried

Members Los Angeles Stock Exchange

Phones: Main 2751, F 5935

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

394-6-8 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. 7% Street Improvement Bonds For Sale
Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME OFFICERS

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK
Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.
Spring and Fourth

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President.
GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$400,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$77,655.00.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. W. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

STODDARD JESS, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,637,953; Deposits \$25,270,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT

A Year's Subscription to the

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

Price, only \$2.50 per year

Make
Next Year
Security Year!

Has this year been one of worry because you "simply couldn't save anything"?

Resolve that next year will be different! That you will spend less than you earn and will deposit the difference in the Security where there are 100,000 other accounts.

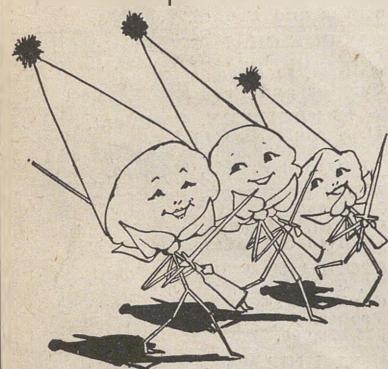
Start the new year with "Security" and stay with it. One of our pocket dime banks will help you.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Savings Commercial Trust
Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

SECURITY CORNER
Fifth and Spring

EQUITABLE BRANCH
First and Spring



"Just think--a snow storm at Bullock's!"--

"No, indeed!" exclaim the Whities, "Just White Goods! White Goods! Style Goods! till the doors have burst outward with their welcome--"

"You know, it's some years now since we banded together and claimed January, at Bullock's, for our very own--and such plans as we made--and such values as we secured--and such crowds of people as came--"

"Then there was the next January--and the next--and the next--"

"And now, this January of 1917 to surpass them all--Car after car of White Goods--and the Newest of the New Style Merchandise for Spring, 1917,--(for that is another of our prerogatives--the introduction of New Spring Merchandise)---

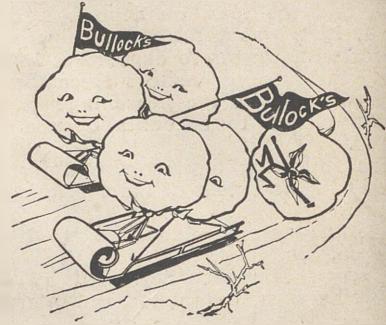
"We haven't time to tell all--but we do want to emphasize particularly Muslin Underwear, Waists, Cotton Weaves, the New Suits and Coats and Hats--the New Sports Wear--the new materials and patterns in Silks and Dress Goods--And--but just come, see for yourself--the whole store just full of values and new style interest and sincerity--and friendship--and service--"

"---This is going to be a wonderful year--"

"---Let's all help to make it a Happy Year for everyone--"

*Remember--Quality and Style
Value and Service--*

of these four things you are sure at Bullock's--



Bullock's
LOS ANGELES